

THE NAUTILUS.

Vol. IX.

JANUARY, 1907.

No. 3.

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THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

Editors

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Florence Morse Kingsley
Grace MacGowan Cooke
Henry Wood
Prof. Edgar L. Larkin
Frederick Rosslyn
Floyd B. Wilson
Eleanor Kirk
Margaret Messenger
Wallace D. Wattles
O Hashnu Hara
Ella Adelia Fletcher
Riley M. Fletcher Berry

These Are
NAUTILUS
Contributors
for 1905-6
Others
Coming !

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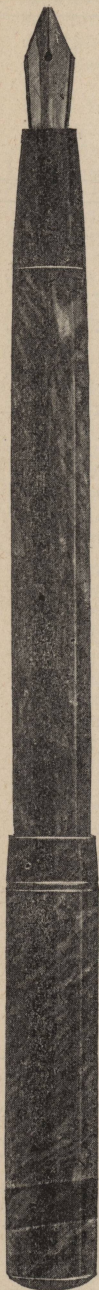
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The first prize will go to the person who sends us between now and August 31, 1907, the largest number of subscribers to *The Nautilus*.

The second prize will go to the one who sends the second largest number.

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Now, dear friends, *The Nautilus* is your magazine as well as ours. It exists through *your* support. If you will interest your friends in the magazine and get them to subscribe, we will be able to give you a still better magazine from month to month, and we will reimburse you with premiums as above.

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Cordially yours,

ELIZBETH TOWNE.

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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY,
One Dollar a Year. }

JANUARY, 1907.

} VOL. IX.
No. 3.

To Cure Self-Consciousness.

By ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Cure self-consciousness by more self-consciousness and plenty of full-breathing and relaxation exercises, coupled with persistent practice at *meeting people*.

Never talk about your self-consciousness to others, and when you think about it yourself *remember* that to *feel* ill at ease is no crime or disgrace, but to let those feelings keep you from doing what you otherwise would *is* a disgrace, and an unpardonable lack of *backbone*.

Brace up and *act* as if you were *not* bashful. Keep at it. Keep telling yourself you *are not* bashful, no matter how you "feel" about it. Keep at it.

The cause of self-consciousness is primarily an exaggerated idea of the importance of *other people*, their opinions, manners, tastes, clothes, etc. Brace up and exaggerate your idea of YOURSELF, *your* opinions, *your* manners, *your* tastes and clothes, and self-consciousness will disappear. Assert yourself in your own mind, and others will not look so imposing. Get your dander up mentally and insist upon *your* opinions and tastes and actions as the very best in all creation for you. Think of yourself—*insist* upon yourself as just as big and good and bright and important a human microbe as any in the bunch.

Ernest Crosby says, "Whatever you are, out with it!" That is the idea—

whatever *you* are, out with it, and let the world grin, grimace or ogle, condemn or admire as it pleases.

"Whatever YOU are, out with it!"

Whatever you out-with, *stand by it*.

Display a little *backbone* and the other microbes will respect you whatever your opinions. Nothing the world admires more than backbone. Even the grafter who sells his soul and his vote to the other fellow applauds and honors a good backbone.

Whatever you are, brace up and BE it.

And remember to *let* the other microbe out-with what *he* is. If he is silly and giggles at *you*, let him. What of it? He has a right to his point of view. And every microbe on earth gets laughed at in his turn, why not *you*?

Here is another pointer: Laugh *with* the laugher, and the laugh will not sting you. Moreover, the laugh will melt away into a kindly smile. Just as a soft answer turneth away wrath so a kindly laugh turns away the cutting te he and ho ho.

Self-consciousness comes from a low ebb of self-esteem. Build up your self-esteem to match your other-fellow-esteem, and you no longer appear awkward.

Of course all this must be done primarily and principally in your own mind—where self-consciousness lives and where every motor impulse arises.

The secret of cure for self-consciousness is the practice of thinking well of yourself.

People will see little change in you even when you have entirely outgrown your old state of mind and its accompanying awkwardness. Why should they? They are not *nearly* so conscious of your awkwardness, as you imagine, so how can they see much change. Do you remember when you complimented your friend upon her self-possession how she said, "Why, I was nearly *dead* with fright—my tongue fairly clove to the roof of my mouth!" And you didn't know it. It is even so when the tables are turned. Your ridiculous awkwardness is nearly all in your own distorted imagination, *and nobody would see it if you didn't tell them.* After you have called people's attention to your self-consciousness they are on the lookout for it. Many times they see it when it doesn't exist. People are regular geese about such things, and the chief goose is the one who calls attention to his own self-consciousness or other shortcomings.

Get rid of the idea that self-consciousness is an evil, or a lack, or a bad habit. It is a good thing, and a symptom of progress. You have stepped upon a new

mental plane, higher than the old child plane, and you are not yet fully at home. That is the whole cause of self-consciousness. When you were a child you thought nothing at all about yourself as an individual, so you had no individual or self-consciousness. A little later you will find your self *at home* with the world-ful of individuals you find yourself in, and again you will be self-unconscious. There is first the unconsciousness of ignorance; then comes the self-consciousness of awakening intelligence; which in turn loses itself in the *sub-consciousness* of perfect accustomedness. You go through the same process of evolution when you don a dressy new suit; first, you are in your old suit and think nothing about yourself; then you don the new, and feel strange; then you grow used to the new suit and again forget yourself. Every change in your mental life, or any important change in outward conditions, sends you again through these three stages of evolution of consciousness.

To shrink away from any experience or to refuse to meet new experiences or people, is to suppress your own evolution and prolong the agonies of growing consciousness.

B E L L S.

*Ring, from your towers old and gray!
Ring, ring, ring! with a mighty sway,
Old, old bells! With voices free,
Chime the march to victory.*

*Ring! the iron casket of the past is sealed;
Ring! grave sins and errors all are there concealed;
Ring! the morning gleams. The conquering hosts draw near
To hail the dawning of the Glad New Year.*

*Ring from your towers heavenward sent!
Ring, ring, ring! with firm intent,
Truth and Love—Love and Right!*

*Ring! the nation's stars grow bright!
Ring! the bravest men shall fill the halls of state;
Ring! Dishonesty has reached the gorge of fate;
Ring! the stars and stripes shall wave a nation's cheer
While Worth hangs trophies in the Glad New Year.*

—MINNIE E. HAYS.



Consciousness.

God, what a glory is this consciousness
Of life on life, that comes to those who seek!
Nor would I, if I might, to others speak
The fullness of that knowledge. It can bless
Only the eager souls, that willing, press
Along the mountain passes to the peak.
Not to the dull, the doubting, or the weak
Will Truth explain, or Mystery confess.

Not to the curious or impatient soul
That in the start demands the end be shown,
And at each step stops waiting for a sign;
But to the tireless toiler toward the goal
Shall the great miracles of God be known
And life revealed, immortal and divine.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Thoreau, Apostle of the Free Life.

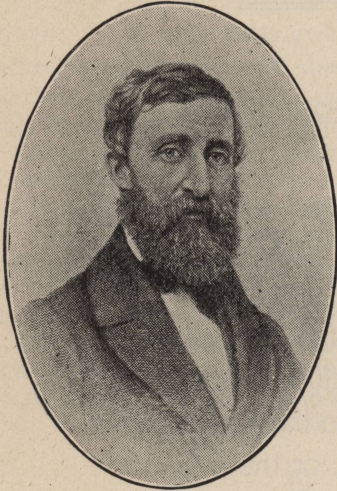
BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

JULY 12, 1817.

On that date there came to dwell upon this planet a most unique and interesting personality—Henry D. Thoreau.

Among the famous group of Concord transcendentalists—Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Channing, Alcott—Thoreau seems to have been the most original and strongly individualized.

Like Whitman, Thoreau was a loafer, that is, he seemed to step aside from the great seething current of human life, hu-



Henry Thoreau.

man aspirations and human aims, and look on as a disinterested observer and critic rather than as a participant.

In many respects he was like an East Indian devotee in his disregard for the ordinary modes of civilization and his mystical devotion to nature and her laws. Indeed, he was a close student and great admirer of Indian literature. He was in all respects an apostle of the "simple life."

Henry D. Thoreau was born, and spent his lifetime in Concord, Mass. His father was of French descent, a merchant first, and when he failed in trade

he became a pencil maker. Henry also learned pencil making as a boy, and became quite expert at the trade. He followed it only at rare intervals throughout his lifetime.

Thoreau's mother was a Miss Cynthia Dunbar, of Keene, N. H., daughter of Rev. Asa Dunbar. From his maternal grandfather, who became a lawyer in later life, Thoreau inherited many traits of character, it is said.

Mrs. Thoreau was a handsome, high-spirited woman, half a head taller than her husband, a tremendous talker and not totally disinclined to help other people in conducting their business, if the accounts be true, and was somewhat fond of a neighborhood "scrap." From her Thoreau inherited a love for conversation and probably somewhat of his independence of character. His biographer says: "Never in too much hurry for a dish of gossip, he could sit out the oldest frequenter of the barroom, and was alive from top to toe with curiosity."

The elder Thoreau, unlike his wife, is described as a "small, deaf, unobtrusive man, plainly clad, and minding his own business."

As a child Thoreau was stoical and grave. At six years of age he had acquired among his companions the title of "Judge." In 1837 he graduated from Harvard college. At first he thought somewhat of becoming a teacher, but a brief experience in the Concord grammar school satisfied him for life. He complained that he had to dress for the occasion, and the regular hours, the cut and dried customs of the school room were too confining to his freedom-loving nature.

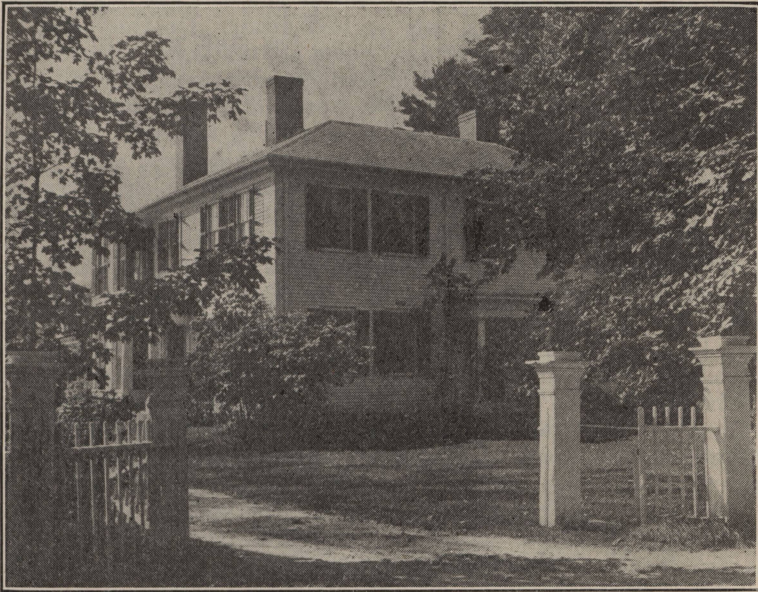
He learned surveying, and did a little farming. Used to work for Emer-

son in his garden, and became an inmate for a time of the Emerson household. History tells us that when Emerson and Thoreau worked in the garden, Bronson Alcott used to sit on the fence, while they all three discussed weighty transcendental problems. About that time the school of transcendentalists were apostles of labor, that is, they believed every man should spend a portion of every day in hard work. So the dignified Emerson, the grave Thoreau and Bronson Alcott

son felled "some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth" until he had enough timber to build a little cabin ten feet wide by fifteen long.

The total cost of this cabin, not including Thoreau's own labor, was \$28.12½.

Here our philosopher lived for two years. During the first year he did his cooking at an open fire outside his door, or in his fireplace. The second year he allowed himself the luxury of a stove, but



The Emerson House at Concord, Mass., where Thoreau Lived for a Time.

used to betake themselves to the woods and, like Gladstone, spent a few hours daily in chopping wood. Emerson was less rugged than his two companions, so he sometimes got in his appointed task by trimming fruit trees in his own garden.

In 1845 Thoreau entered upon his Walden Pond experience, which was responsible as much as anything for first bringing him into prominence.

First he borrowed an axe—presumably from Emerson. Then he went to the shore of Walden Pond, a mile from any house, and on land belonging to Emer-

son complained because it covered up his fire.

During the period of time that Thoreau lived at Walden his food was almost entirely free from meat. As he grew older he found his taste for meat growing less and less, and he finally practically dropped it out of his diet altogether. When someone asked Thoreau if he could live on a vegetable diet, he replied that *he could live on nails*. The idea which he meant to convey was that the mental attitude was the one essential thing. "If they cannot understand that reply," said he, "they would not under-

stand me if I explained at greater length." So with that reply he let the matter drop.

There have been many conjectures as to Thoreau's real object in going to Walden to live. From his own statement of the case we find that he had many good and sufficient reasons. He wished to discover for himself how much or how little was really essential to man's existence, for one thing. He also tells us that he went there to "transact some private business." Some of this business, we suspect, related to a more intimate study of nature, and some of it, perhaps, was more than tangible, such as preparing his manuscripts for publication. He doubtless also desired to create something with his own hands. "All men want," he tells us, "not something to *do with*, but something to *do*, or rather something to *be*."

During the first eight months of his existence at Walden his total expense for food was \$8.74. He lived principally on rice, molasses and bread, the latter made from rye and Indian meal and, at first, baked on a shingle before an open fire. This famous bread was also made without yeast, the philosopher having accidentally discovered that it was quite as palatable cooked in that way.

The "old and timid" people who visited Walden often spoke of the distance from the village, from a *doctor*, and the danger of sudden sickness and accidents. "You would suppose," says Thoreau, writing of these people, "that they would not go a-huckleberrying without a medicine chest." And he adds, "What danger is there if you don't think of any?"

It was while a resident of Walden, and on one of his trips to the village, that our philosopher was taken into custody by the town constable and committed to jail for refusal to pay some tax which he thought unjust. It was a matter of principle with him, and when Emerson came to visit him at the jail that evening and asked, "Why are you in here, Henry?" he replied, "Why are you outside, Waldo?" The following morning the stoical philosopher was released and returned to Walden.

After leaving Walden for good, Thoreau again became a member of the Emerson household for a time. "For more than five years," he writes, "I maintained myself solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters as well as most of my summers I had free and clear for study."

There is some practical argument for the socialists.

I suppose that every woman who reads this article will ask if Thoreau ever had a love affair. On this point his biographers are not very expansive. We know that he never married, but in his youth it was said that he and his brother John were both in love with the same girl. A few of Thoreau's earlier poems are slightly ardent in character, bespeaking the aroused sentiment in the breast of the composer, but all his later works were free from anything of the kind.

Like Emerson though in a less clear and pronounced sense, Thoreau was a prophet of much which now appears in New Thought teachings. In one of his essays he says: "We think that we can change our clothes only. It is said that the British Empire is very large and respectable, and that the United States are a first-rate power. We do not believe that a tide rises and falls behind every man which can float the British empire like a chip if he should ever harbor it in his mind."

In another place he says: "What do we want to dwell near to? Not to many men surely, the depot, the post office, the barroom, the meetinghouse, the schoolhouse, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points where men most congregate, but TO THE PERENNIAL SOURCE OF OUR LIFE."

Yes, Thoreau played a prominent and important part in the great spiritual awakening in America, which incidentally had much to do with the abolishment of human slavery, and which will sometime succeed in abolishing commercial slavery as well. He was ever a friend of freedom, of simplicity and naturalness and the real in man wherever found.

John Granger's Way.

BY FREDERICK ROSSLYN.

With Illustration by the Author.

PART II.

Christmas fell on Sunday that year, which made the church-goers in the village of Arden far more numerous than they would have been on an ordinary Sunday. Young men from college, young girls from boarding schools, helped to give numbers and life to the church parade. And other men, not so young, whose necks had long been bowed beneath the yoke of trade, were home, too, for this one day of peace and rest. It has been said that Americans take their holidays too seriously, and have lost the old world spirit of enjoyment; but these villagers looked happy enough, despite the fact that the subduing touch of the Sabbath day could still be felt amid the Christmas jollity.

But it could not subdue the children, whose day of days it was, and a brisk fall of snow, which had begun in the night, added to their sense of the eternal fitness of things. For there had been weeks of mild weather without snow, and how was Santa Claus to go his annual round over bare brown roads? But the snow had come in time; Christmas trees had been trimmed and toys left at countless firesides; and the minds of the children, at once literal and imaginative, were at rest. It was a child, bright-eyed and alert, who first discovered that there was a strange face in Arden.

"Look, mamma, look!" said the child, clutching at her mother's skirts and pointing with her little gloved hand. "Look, mamma! Isn't that a pretty lady?"

The mother looked in the direction

in which the child pointed, and saw a very striking looking person indeed. A tall blonde woman, who carried herself with an air of conscious superiority, was walking down the opposite side of the street with young Harry Littleton. There was something about her that made every one stop and stare, though no one could have told why. It was not her face, though that was beautiful; nor her form, though that might have been called queenly; nor her costume, though the quick eyes of the woman saw that her gown was tailor-made, that her furs were of the richest, and that her hat had come from Paris. She seemed to demand notice, though she was apparently indifferent to the attention she attracted. She talked and smiled as she walked beside young Harry Littleton, pointing out distant objects with graceful gestures, that were studied yet seemed careless. And the sophomore bore himself as became the attendant cavalier of such a queenly woman. When he lifted his hat in recognition of some passing friend, he did it as a king might return the salute of a subject.

Indeed, he was a very proud and happy young man, and he wished that all the freshmen, all the sophomores, all the juniors, all the seniors, and every member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania could see him at that moment. For he was walking by the side of Ellen Granger, whose photograph, in many different characters, could be found in the rooms of half the students of the University.

"I wonder if that can be Ellen Granger?" said the mother of the child to

her husband. "They say the old man has greatly changed since his serious illness."

The man studied the stranger with a critical air, and then shook his head in positive rejection of his wife's idea.

"Ellen Granger? Pooh! Nonsense," he retorted. "I remember Ellen Granger well—a thin, freckled-face, sandy-haired creature."

"Nevertheless," argued his wife, "I feel sure that I am right. See, they are turning in at Granger's gate. I believe—I am sure—that it is Ellen Granger!"

And Ellen Granger it was, returning to the home of her girlhood after eight years' absence. When young Littleton had written to her asking for an interview, she had at once granted it; and she had been visibly moved by his account of her father's illness, and of the strange change which had been wrought in the stern old man. She was quite ready to visit her old home, and expressed an ardent longing to see her mother once again. Of her father she said but little; perhaps she rather dreaded meeting the old man.

But she belonged to a profession in which parents and homes are seldom mentioned except on the stage, and she longed to have some place that she could refer to as the old homestead. It would be pleasant to be able to say that she had just returned from Arden, where she had been passing Sunday with her father and mother; the words had a home sound that went straight to her heart. And there was Baby; her mother must certainly see Baby. Of her husband's reception by her father she was somewhat doubtful; but, fortunately for her peace of mind, he was on the road with a traveling company, and the problem he involved could be left for future solution. Of the baby's reception by its grandparents she had no doubt; what young mother ever did

doubt that her first born child possessed irresistible powers of fascination. And so the baby had accompanied her mother to Arden, and was now studying from the arms of her nurse, the new wonders disclosed by the parlor of a country inn.

When old John Granger heard the latch of his garden gate click, he started in his chair and glanced anxiously at his wife.

"It's Ellen," he said in a husky voice. "You'd better go and meet her at the door; I'll wait here."

And then he sat and listened to the greeting between his wife and daughter—and he was afraid—afraid of his own child. He thought of old days, and of his daughter's flight from home, and his heart seemed to stand still. He tried to fashion some form of speech with which to stem the tide of her reproaches, but his mind refused to act. She had just cause to reproach him, as he only too well knew. How vividly he could recall the day on which they parted, and the face of his daughter, proud, rebellious, defiant. Well, there was nothing left for him to do but to ask her forgiveness; to beg that she might have pity on an old and broken man. Then the door of the room in which he sat cowering and shaking was thrown open, and his prodigal daughter stood before him.

"Well, daddy," she said in a clear, penetrating voice, "how has the world been treating you?"

The old man was utterly abashed by his daughter's unexpected greeting. He had been prepared for tears and reproaches, and might have met them with a certain dignity, but now he hung his head and was mute.

"Aren't you glad to see me at home again, daddy? If you are, you'll have to make the most of me, for I must return to the city again tomorrow. Why

don't you speak to me, daddy? You're not afraid of your own daughter, are you?"

Then John Granger did speak.

"Can you forgive me, Ellen?" he

one of the broad, flat arms of his split-bottomed easy-chair. She took off her furs and hat and gave them to her mother, who was still whimpering with joy. The little worn, faded woman looked



The Sound of His Daughter's Voice.

said. "I was very unkind, very unjust to you in the old days."

"Forgive? Oh, never mind all that, daddy. Let's bury the old days out of sight forever."

She came up to him and sat down on

with wondering pride at her daughter; nor did she fail to note the superb form disclosed by the tight-fitting cloth habit.

"You see, daddy," continued the prodigal daughter, "if you hadn't made things a little unpleasant for me at

home—just a little, you know, daddy—I would never have run away and gone on the stage. Very good, you say; but where is the moral? The moral, dear daddy, is this—if I had never gone on the stage, I would never have become what you see!”

She sprang lightly up from the arm of her father's chair, and stood before him with extended arms—smiling, radiant, beautiful. She was a wonderful vision in that homely room; her fond mother glowed with delight and admiration; her father sat staring at her like a man in a waking dream. His little Ellen! Could it possibly be his little Ellen?

His daughter, as if to prove her reality, suddenly sat down on the arm of his chair again, and placing a hand beneath his chin she lifted his face and kissed him.

“That means whatever forgiveness is necessary,” she said. “And now I suppose you would like to know all there is to know about your beautiful and gifted daughter. When I allude to myself as beautiful and gifted I am not egotistical, I am merely quoting the Philadelphia papers. Well, to begin at the beginning—I—am—married!”

Both her father and mother gave an exclamation of surprise.

“Married!” cried the old man. “But you are down on the playbills as Ellen Granger.” Ellen Granger smiled at her father's simplicity, and then explained to him the customs and usages of the profession to which she belonged. An actress, she explained, usually continued to appear under her maiden name after marriage, for otherwise she would be in danger of losing her identity with the public. Then she continued:

“My husband's name is Richard Canning, and he's what they call an author-actor—that is, he writes the plays in which he appears. When he's good and he usually is good—I call him either Dick or darling. He's on the road at present traveling with the ‘Sword and Shield’ Company, but I had to stay at home on account of Baby.”

“On account of what?” asked the old man.

“On account of Baby,” replied his daughter.

“On account of whose baby?”

“On account of *my* baby, of course.

My good gracious! Do you suppose I would stay at home and join a stock company and permit Dick to go on the road alone for the sake of any other woman's baby? Not if I know myself, dear daddy, and I'm inclined to think that I do.”

John Granger pondered over the matter for several minutes in silence, then he said:

“If you have a baby, I must be a grandfather.”

“You certainly are a grandfather, daddy, and of the sweetest little angel in the world.”

“Is it a boy or a girl?”

“It is a girl—and O, such a darling! Golden hair, blue eyes, a rosebud mouth, and dimples that bewitch all the world! And her little hands and feet—you should see her little hands and feet—they are so-o-o pretty! But you shall see them, and all the rest of her, too.”

At this description of his little granddaughter, John Granger laughed with delight.

“Where is this wonderful child?” he asked.

“Over at the village inn.”

At this announcement Ellen's mother uttered a cry of protest and alarm.

“At Stubb's hotel? Oh, you should not have left the precious darling there! Who is taking care of her?”

“Her nurse.”

On hearing these words, the two old people regarded their daughter with increased respect. Nobody in Arden had ever engaged a nurse-maid except Judge Littleton's wife. The quick eyes of the actress noted the look of astonishment worn by the faces of her elders, and she laughed gleefully.

“Well, to be perfectly frank,” she said, “it is only my wardrobe woman dressed *a la bonne*. But, as she is really very fond of Baby, she makes a good nurse, and I always take her with me when I travel.”

“When shall I see the child?” asked John Granger.

“At once, if you wish to; I'll send Mr. Littleton over to the inn for her. By the way, where is Mr. Littleton?”

The actress glanced quickly about the

room, and then began to laugh. She opened the door and looked out into the little hall. Harry Littleton was sitting by the hatrack, with his overcoat collar turned up about his ears, patiently waiting for the re-appearance of his divinity. Ellen Granger smiled upon him as if he occupied a stage-box at the theatre, and she had just been called before the curtain.

"Mr. Littleton," she said, "will you be so kind as to step over to the inn, and tell Susan that I should like her to bring Baby to my father's house? You will show her the way, will you not?"

"Certainly," cried the ardent young sophomore; "it will give me the greatest pleasure to do so."

He seized his hat and sped on his errand without further words. He was very happy; for was he not the friend and confidant of the beautiful Ellen Granger? It was better than pulling stroke oar in the university crew, or playing a prominent part in the football field. And she had promised to give him a large imperial photograph of herself, with her signature across the bottom, as a Christmas present. What more had the world to offer a man?

When Harry Littleton returned to John Granger's house, accompanied by the nurse maid and the baby, he witnessed a scene that made him think of certain realistic dreams of the "Old Homestead" school. For the delight of the two old people in their daughter's daughter was at once humorous and pathetic. Ellen's mother took the baby in her arms first, and talked to it in the time-honored language of love and folly—a language which all the pedants in the world shall never be able to suppress. Then she was placed on the knee of her grandfather, whose face she studied with an air of grave curiosity. John Granger made a shame-faced attempt to repeat some of the endearing nonsense he had heard fall from his wife's lips, but he had never learned that mystic language of love and his attempt was a dismal failure. But it seemed to satisfy the child, for her grave face suddenly relaxed into one of the sweetest of baby smiles, and she put up a little fat, dimpled hand and clutched at the straggling white beard that grew

beneath her grandfather's chin. Then the old man laughed with delight, and the baby cooed in response.

They were all so happy together that they did not hear a timid knock on the outer door, nor a still more timid knock on the inner door, and so, before anyone was aware of the fact, little Deacon Ribbon was in the room, making an awkward bow to the assembled company.

"I wish you all a merry—" he began, and then suddenly ceased to speak and stood staring straight at the chair in which his old friend sat, as if he had been petrified by a sight of the Gorgon's head. "Why, bless my heart!" he cried at last. "It's—it's a baby!"

John Granger laughed with delight, and the little deacon noticed what a change there was in the sound of his laughter.

"It's my granddaughter, Deacon Ribbon," he said. "And this," indicating his daughter with a movement of the hand, "is Ellen. You have not forgotten, Ellen, I know; she used to be a great favorite of yours."

The deacon bowed and simpered, and bowed again. He was being presented to a young and beautiful actress, whose photograph in many strange and startling costumes he had often seen in the shop windows when visiting Philadelphia. This was life indeed; this was, in very fact, knowing the world.

Ellen Granger saw the look of admiration in the little man's face, and bestowed upon him one of her most fascinating, professional smiles. It proved too much for Deacon Ribbon, who at once collapsed into a chair—mute, round-eyed—the image of speechless adoration.

John Granger grinned with delight as he witnessed the comedy without words. He drew his daughter down upon the arm of his chair again, while he still held the baby on his knee.

"Bob Ribbon," he said, "we have not been to the theatre together since we were boys."

"No," assented the deacon; "not since we were boys." He said nothing about his conscientious scruples in the presence of the actress, being in his own way, a well-bred little man.

"Then why should we not go down to the city together," queried his friend,

"and see 'Puss-in-Boots' at the Palace Theatre?"

Deacon Ribbon made a faint attempt at resistance, but Ellen smiled on him again, and he was mute. Moreover, the wicked world was always pulling at his heartstrings, and John Granger, as he only too well knew, was a masterful man. He thought it safest, therefore, to retreat before he had been entrapped into a positive promise to attend a performance of "Puss-in-Boots." So he slowly twisted himself out of his chair, his eyes still fastened on the smiling face of the actress, and after a succession of astonishingly awkward bows, he succeeded in getting out of the room. When the outer door had closed behind him, and his footsteps could be heard creaking

over the frozen snow in the garden path, John Granger laughed long and loudly.

"I once left the little deacon sprawling on the floor of the post office," he said, when his laughter had somewhat abated; "but that tumble was nothing compared to the fall you have given him today, Ellen."

Then the old man's face grew sober, and he drew his daughter's head down close to his own, placing one of his strong arms gently about her neck.

"You must forgive me, my child," he whispered in her ear; "not in words alone, which may mean but little, but in your heart of hearts." And John Granger turned and looked full in his daughter's face, and he saw that he was forgiven.

THE END.

FAITH.

By KATHERINE QUINN.

I sent Desire across the sea,
 ('Twas years and years ago)
 I gave the lad what gold I had,
 And vowed through weal or woe
 That I'd be true unto my love
 Until his journey's end,
 And that each day he was away
 A message I would send.

My friends all smiled to see my faith,
 Then sighed, "Alack, alack,
 Your only gains will be your pains,
 For he will ne'er come back."
 I paid no heed unto their words,
 But worked on steadfastly;
 When worst I fared, most loud declared
 That I had ships at sea.

Last night my vessel touched on shore;
 And Peace sat in her bow,
 And Joy was there, and Love most fair,
 And Plenty strode her prow.
 Desire had brought them all to me
 Across the briny foam.

"Ah, well-a-day," my friends now say,
 "Who'd think that he'd come home?"

The Law of Rhythmic Breath.

By ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLANETARY INFLUENCES UPON THE TATTVAS.

We have heretofore considered the regular normal order of the solar and lunar currents of *Prana*, and it should be clearly understood by this time that the *Tattvic* state of these currents is a most important factor in determining the beneficial effects upon the whole physical being of their even, balanced flow in deep, full rhythmical breathing.

The paramount influence affecting this comes from the planets, every one of which establishes its own current in the organism, determined in degree and kind by the planets' position in the firmament and consequent relation with all other planets. It is the strength of these currents, varying in different people, which distinguishes the individualized, local *Prana* from the universal terrestrial *Prana*. In this fact we find corroboration of all that astrology claims concerning the planetary influences at the moment of birth upon human life and character.

There are seven descriptions of life-currents, corresponding exactly with the planets of the solar system and influenced by them, which flow around the spinal *Chakras*, every *Chakra* being itself, in the activities therein centered, a miniature copy of the Zodiac with divisions of influence corresponding to its heavenly signs. Several of these currents, or even all, may be passing along at the same time over the same nerve and around the same *Chakra*, just as varying electric currents pass simultaneously over the same wire. But every *Tattva* will be more active in certain divisions of the *Chakra* according to the position in the

Zodiac of its planetary influence; for the vibrations of the microcosm correspond with those of the macrocosm.

These seven variations are all to be understood as *Tattvic* modifications of *Prana*, and they would flow on forever and aye within the body as without in undisturbed harmony when Nature is serene, and affected by her storms only when in planetary, or *Tattvic* sympathy with them, but for the erratic working of human free will. As already stated many times, all disease is the result of disturbances in the regular balance of the positive and negative, or solar and lunar currents of *Prana*, and of the normal flow of the *Tattvas*; and human errors, emotions, and deeds are the most common disturbing factors. But the changes thus injected into the localized, or individualized *Prana* prove to us as nothing else can the dynamic power of thought, *itself manipulating and disturbing these forces and therefore superior to them*; and disclose to the spiritually alive soul glimpses of limitless realms for conquest.

To the materialist these realms of power are a sealed book, and will forever remain beyond his vision. He is the victim of self-limitation! They are accessible only to the soul-directed will, which, governing thought, chooses the right path and carries consciousness to higher planes of harmonic vibrations. The human instrument is thus tuned to purer and higher influences.

An ocean of thought-vibrations is beating upon our brains every instant, seeking sympathetic vibrations upon which to impinge. This is the secret of the same thought flashing through many brains *under the same Tattvic influence* at the same time. While this *Tattvic*

(or planetary) influence determines the thoughts and the deeds of the drifters and all in negative—that is, receptive—conditions, *ours is the power to choose the thought*. The free will that is a peril is also the greatest blessing, putting in our grasp the ever-ready means to overcome physical evils; and the needs of the hour are ethical training in choice and *education of the will*. Evil seeks evil with a marvellous power of accretion and disturbance, but think not for a moment that all good is not even more powerful. The one corresponds to darkness, the other to light; the one is disintegrating, the other upbuilding and renewing. “There is in things evil an element of self-destruction, in the operation of which lies the safety of the Universe.”—(The Perfect Way, p. 189.)

Thus the *Tattvic* state of *Prana* in every human being is determined by the position and strength of the various local currents. When by any act of ours one or more of them is abnormally stimulated—as in states of excitement, anger, hatred, jealousy, or depression and manifold worries—it not merely upsets the balance of the prevalent *Tattvic* currents of the moment, but the disorder is stamped upon the current of the hour; and it passes on into the vast spaces of the universe to return again and again with varying degrees of force according as the planets return to positions and relations one to another approximating the conditions at the time of the original disturbance.

All the misery in the world is primarily due to foul magnetisms (which are evil vibrations of tremendous penetrative and compelling power) generated by wrong and impure thoughts and by fear, and constantly fed by the crimes of the depraved and the sins of the weak. The world has grown old trying to punish crime out of existence. But it can never be lessened till the heaven of spiritual

thought reaches the masses; and the basic truth, that wholesome, joyful thinking makes healthy, happy people is universally known.

It is possible to gain such power over the *Pranic* currents through perfect concentration—right thinking held steadfastly to the desired end—and careful attention to breathing correctly and rhythmically, as to put them in any *Tattvic* state desired; and this frees one from all antagonistic influences, whether hereditary or the chance of birth—that is, planetary conditions at the moment. “Neither the lunar day, nor the constellations, nor the solar day, nor planet, nor god (that is, force)” have power to affect one who knows the *Tattvic* Law and applies it through habitual practice and right direction of thought and will-power. A human soul is more to God than any planet, and all the creative powers of the Universe work with and for the right.

Throughout the Universe we have the seven-fold division, and that the planets are closely related with this, having each a correspondence with plane and principle and element, with color and with tone, is so manifest to the occult student as to need no demonstration. We are so wonted to this seven-fold division in some of the common affairs of life as to accept it unquestioningly. Thus, the seven days of the week are named from the planets, not in haphazard fashion, but strictly in accordance with their movements hour by hour.

A cardinal tenet of the earliest known principles of astrology was that every hour and every day is under the direct rule and influence of a planet; and there is no record of a period when the nearer planets, from Saturn to Mercury, were not known and named as in our era. Of these, the sun and moon, supposed by the Egyptians to circle round the earth, were recognized as paramount in influ-

ence upon it; and the others were dignified according to the periods of their orbits which were the gauge of their distance.

The planet ruling the first hour, counting from the rising of the sun, names the day, and the succession begins with Saturn, the most distant, and takes the planets in their order, viz: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, and Luna. Thus, on Saturn's day Jupiter rules the second hour; Mars, the third; Sol (sun), the fourth; Venus, the fifth; Mercury, the sixth; and Luna, the seventh. Three repetitions carry us through the twenty-first hour; Saturn rules the twenty-second; Jupiter, the twenty-third; and Mars, the twenty-fourth, finishing the day. Then Sol rules the first hour of the succeeding day, which is Sunday; called by the Romans *Dies Dominica*, or Lord's Day,—the day of the Lord Sun.

The orderly repetition brings Luna—the moon—in as ruler of the next day, hence, Monday; Mars (French, *Mardi*), Tuesday; Mercury, Wednesday; Jupiter (Saxon, *Thor*), Thursday; and Venus (Saxon, *Frea*), Friday. All of the Latin tongues preserve in the names for the days of the week their planetary origin; but the Saxon derivation of English nomenclature has in ours obscured it in part.

All possibility that chance or pure arbitrary selection had any part in thus naming the days seems eliminated when we consider the double harmony ruling the order. The succession of the planets is not only from the slowest, Saturn, to the swiftest, the moon; but also in the exact order of their distance from the earth, from the most remote to the nearest. In matters astrological it is this regular succession of the planets, hour by hour, that determines fortunate planetary hours for various acts and undertakings. They are not, however, the

same for all persons, being modified in effect by the characteristics established at the nativity.

It is interesting while on the subject, and piles up the authority for thus naming the days of the week and their order as we know them, to mention that the seven Hebrew words for the first seven cardinal numbers are all formed of one syllable that signifies a star (or fire or light) and another expressing its quality, and they follow strictly the above order, beginning with Sunday as the first day of the week. This is conclusive evidence that at the earliest formation of that language the relation between the planets and the days of the week was recognized as a basic fact in nature. The characteristic influences of the several planets thus expressed in the Hebrew names agree perfectly with the attributes still commonly assigned them; and as they are important in our further study I give them here with the original uncorrupted form of the Hebrew numbers:

1. Ash-shed; Sol, all-bountiful fire.
2. Ash-nem; Luna, star of slumber, star of oracles.
3. Ash-lesh; Mars, star of flame.
4. Ar-rabo; Mercury, star of activity.
5. Chem-ash; Jupiter, star of warmth, star of joy.
6. Ash-ish; Venus, star of existence.
7. Ash-shebo; Saturn, star of old age, and signifying also *the end and the beginning*.

In further consideration of planetary influences, there seem to be convincing reasons for observing scrupulously this natural order of the planets in time and space,—the only one which satisfies my mind as in harmony with the *Tattvic* Law. Confronted with the problem of harmonizing these, it was for a time bewildering to find how many tables of planetary correspondencies with color, number, metals, elements, and days had been devised in which the natural sequence of the planets is constantly violated, and the days of the week are

thrown into utter confusion; Monday following Tuesday, and Saturday, Wednesday. There is but one solitary anchor of agreement upon these planetary correspondencies between the various tables, religious, occult, astrological, and astronomical,—with but one exception, to my knowledge, all connect Mars with fire, heat and passion, and the strife that leads to armed contest; hence, he was called the god of war. We shall weigh the authority for some of these tables when we study in their turn color and number in greater detail. Our immediate interest now is with the *Tattvic* correspondencies which subject their activities,—that is, their vibrations—in physical organisms to planetary influences.

The *Shivagama*, which is the Sanskrit authority for most of our knowledge concerning the *Tattvic* Law, gives two sets of *Tattvic* values or correspondencies for the planets, which at the outset is bewildering and unsatisfactory. There is but the slightest agreement between the two; and upon examination the logical mind rejects both as equally arbitrary and capricious, and seeks for a satisfactory hypothesis upon which to base the law of correspondencies.

We ask ourselves: How do the planets differ one from another in elementary substances, and how are the *Tattvas* differentiated? In the evolution of the latter (see *Nautilus* for April) we know that *Akasha*—the bowl in which all are mixed—is the most ethereal, and that they increase in density as they descend to *Prithivi*, the most cohesive and solidly compact of all. This brings us immediately to the questions: Are not the planets differentiated in the same way, and is not their density determined in like manner, or by the variation in the proportions of the *Tattvas*? If so, which is the most ethereal?

Fortunately modern science has arrived at very definite conclusions upon

this subject of the density of the planets,—a triumph of mathematics, that wonderful science on the wings of which the most severely materialistic mind fares forth into the invisible and brings back irrefutable data. When we group the planets in the astronomical order of their density, we find that it increases in an almost regular progression from Saturn to Mercury, which harmonizes perfectly in sequence with the age-honored order of the hour-by-hour rule; that is, from the most distant to the nearest. The remote planets Uranus (Herschel) and Neptune do not come within the relations we are considering. They were unknown and *invisible* to the ancient world. Both discovered within the last century and a quarter (1781-1846, respectively), their influence upon earth life as yet is very slight, but they are heralds of coming changes.

Dropping out of this planetary sequence, temporarily, during our search for *Tattvic* correspondencies, the sun and moon, lords respectively of the positive and negative currents of *Prana*, we are reminded that the earth upon which we live is also a planet and has its place in this progression of density; and we find it between Venus and Mercury. But in her orbital distance from the sun, the earth's place in the sequence is between Venus and Mars. Remember this, for it will be found to explain a seeming *Tattvic* irregularity.

I do not expect those readers who have merely read these lessons so far, and have neither practiced nor studied, therefore do not know one *Tattva* from another nor recall their distinguishing characteristics, to grasp the significance of the above established facts. But those who are beginning to know the separate *Tattvas* by their fixed activities and relations and invariable effects must already understand their logical correspondencies with the planets. As space will not permit explaining these here with the in-

teresting detail necessary, it must be deferred to the next chapters. This will give interested students an opportunity to meditate upon the subject and see how near they can come to a correct solution of the problem.

It is necessary to give extreme emphasis to the fact that these lessons are neither mere speculations nor simply disclosures of curious mysteries. They are the first attempt to explain in a practical manner the basic truths, as far as human intelligence has yet unravelled them, concerning the vital force in human organisms. And their value is that they teach a thoroughly scientific method

of personal training to obtain control of body and mind, and make them the perfect vehicles for the soul's expression that the Creator intended. Only by means of constant practice of the breathing exercises and of concentration can these benefits be gained.

It is through the ability to control *Prana* and center it wherever we desire that we build the ladder to perfect centralization; a state of pure concentration which is lofty aspiration and, releasing the soul from its physical chains, places it upon its own throne, and discloses to it the realms of knowledge and power to which it has access.

OUT FROM THE NORTH.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Out from the North,
Like a Warrior bold,
Old Winter comes rampaging down.
His breath blows cold
With an icy blast, and the whiteness vast
Enfoldeth field and town.

The little brook,
As it gurgles by,
Is clothed with gleaming mail.
The fir trees sigh,
And bending low, 'neath their burden of snow,
Tremble before the gale.

But well we ween
That Winter's snow
Will melt with the smile of Spring.
When the tulips show
His star will wane, and he'll close his reign
'Till the year rolls 'round again.



Present Soaring Heights of Mind.

Astonishing Expansion of Intellect, Yet, With Scarcely a Beginning Made.

By PROFESSOR EDGAR L. LARKIN.



Let modern mentalists summon a committee of departed philosophers, let the wise ones of antiquity be reanimate, let them make critical survey of the present scientific, philosophical and in-

tellectual world, explore the heights and depths of existing master minds and make a written report. And let the imposing grand jury be as follows:

Philosophers and mentalists—Bada-rayana, Kapila, Confucius, Zoroaster, Aristotle, Plato, Epictetus, Seneca, Kant, Schopenhauer, Hamilton, Spencer; mathematicians and scientists—Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Herschel, Laplace, Lagrange, Gauss, Leverrier, Dalton, Franklin, Field. Other committees could be made up, but surely these giant minds could explore those of modern times and report. But whatever powers of mind these great men had, and whatever their insight into the mysteries of nature, they could not fail being astonished at the results of recent advance in the powers and scope of human mentality, their report would indeed be wonderful. Thus Newton, with a foresight and prophecy almost beyond belief, would simply be amazed with the results of his passing of sunlight through a prism.

The vast, intricate and exceedingly comprehensive science of spectrum analysis, chemical and astronomical, a science so elaborate, so profound, that few experts even, can master it all, is derived from his primitive experiment.

Would it not be great to see Newton come back and survey a modern spectro-scope analytical laboratory? At first he would be disconcerted, all would seem as chaos; but I believe that his colossal mind would comprehend everything in a very short time. The expansion of his law of gravity to the confines of that part of the universe visible in the Yerkes and Lick telescopes, to double, triple and multiple stars, would excite his imagination to great visions of majestic import. And what would he say in the report? And Kepler, would he not glory in the application of his three laws to the orbits of stellar systems sunk in solitudes of space? Galileo would tremble in excitement could he behold Saturn, the sun, the Milky Way and the Nebula of Orion through the immense lenses of our late type telescopes. Oh! I forgot, Newton would be filled with speechless awe could he wind his way in the simply incredible and almost appalling labyrinth of modern differential and integral calculus. Even his mind would be dazed at first. And no doubt, he would deem it impossible that such a gigantic edifice could be erected on his foundation—elementary differences and “fluxions,” the name he gave to these things of almost superhuman mental power. I would like to see Newton on his return, solving these formidable equations.

Dalton would be unable to articulate when he finds that his original atoms are now broken up into corpuscles. Positive proof would have to be made to convince him that the entire universe is made of corpuscles, and that none can detect any difference between these and electricity. What would LaPlace say of the complete annihilation of his famous

Nebular Hypothesis? And would not Gauss look in wonder upon modern units of electrical measurement and upon the astonishing new science,—mathematical electricity?

The classic, versatile Franklin, were he back here now, would have to sound his interminable depths of mind to find words were he to once study out the almost seemingly insoluble mysteries of a late type of electrical laboratory. What would Cyrus Field say of the existing network of ocean cables? Or of wireless telegraphy, and the publication of daily papers on ships a thousand miles from land? What would Herschel dream were he now to study the new and complete photographs of the whole celestial vault? Where he saw thousands of suns in space the camera sees and records millions. And what would he say could he secure one glimpse only of the concept of the magnitude and composition of the universe of stars as now seen by astronomers?

The ramifications of modern electro and synthetic chemistry would dawn upon Dalton as a thing of unspeakable majesty. I dare not even mention the subject Life here, for at once a maze would be entered. Let all vanished scientists rise, look round about, see what is now doing, and they would wonder if men had changed or they themselves during their absence. Really, Newton might fail grasping the details of a modern spectroscopic laboratory. And Dalton would be upset in an electro-radiation laboratory. All departed founders of our great sciences would not recognize modern things at first; they would have to sharpen their wits and study some. What would they say about radium turning into helium?

PHILOSOPHY AND MENTALISM.

What would Badarayana, the founder of Vedanta, and Kapila of Samkhya, say if they could come and pass a week or two in a mentological laboratory. These are places where minds are studied scientifically. A discovery has been made of such vast importance that words can-

not picture the good things coming. This stupendous discovery is that of differences between minds. No time to write of it here; but it will change every system of education on earth. The gold of Vedanta and Aphorisms of Kapila; the wisdom of Zoroaster, of Plato, Aristotle, Kant and Spencer are indestructible.

For twenty centuries the Aryans, whiled away their time in pure abstract contemplation along the Ganges and Indus. The base of philosophy and metaphysics was laid there. It is impossible to detect much that is new in these lines of thought since. Would it not be just awful to say that the Greeks and Romans never thought anything that was new? But a study of all the six great systems of Hindu philosophy almost leads one to make the assertion. For these colossal philosophies do seem to include every conceivable ramification of human thought, the chief thought that ever passed through the cells of a human brain.

See what an expression,—passed through; it should be originated and passed out,—is this: The Universe has a Tendency. This is overpowering to brain and mind. You can detect this in Spencer and in prehistoric India. But Spencer in the light of modern science understood it better than did the Aryans in the jungle near where Benares now stands. For if the entire fabric of nature has a tendency, it moves like the weights of a clock.

Now, if you are away up, you can at once detect the difference between tendency and purpose. This difference is so great that imagination is submerged. If the entire universe has Tendency it is not actuated by Mind. For so far as science or philosophy are able to detect, Tendency alone rules. There is no trace of mind in tendency. If nature tends to move in any direction it moves that way. There is no use in asking what tendency is. None can answer now, nor ever be able to reply. For Tendency is unknowable; and Badarayana knew it. Yes, you may ask whither are we tending if you want to waste words.

The New Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER III.

TO USE SLEEP.

Having settled that the brain is charged with vital power during sleep, the next important thing is to study the process, and see if we may arrive at any conclusion as to the laws which govern it. In observing the phenomena of sleep, the most noticeable thing is the change in the manner of breathing. The sleeping person breathes deeply, strongly, and with a more rhythmic movement than the waking one; a much larger quantity of air is taken into the system in a given time during sleep than when awake. Very few persons breathe audibly when awake, while frequently the deep, strong breathing of a sleeping person can be heard throughout a house of ordinary size. Since deep and rhythmic breathing is universal during sleep, I conclude that it is an essential part of the process of charging the brain with vital power, and that a large quantity of air is necessary to the operation. I notice an apparent connection between air and vital power, as shown by other phenomena. When I am about to undertake a heavy lift, or to perform some feat of strength, I instinctively fill my lungs with air, as if by so doing I could add to my muscular power; and if I exercise violently nature compels me to breathe with great force and rapidity, evidently needing an increased quantity of air because of the strenuous exertion. There appears, I say, to be a direct connection between air and energy. But I find that deep breathing is not all; I cannot renew the energy of the brain by deep breathing without sleep; I must go into the silence and become unconscious. And I do not know *what* it is in the air that is essential to life. It is not oxygen alone, for if

you put me in an atmosphere of undiluted oxygen I will die. I must have air.

It is essential, too, that the air be pure. When I sleep in a room with no ventilation I rise in the morning unre-freshed; the battery has been very im-perfectly charged. It is therefore neces-sary to have air which is in motion; since motion is essential to the purity of air. It will not answer the purpose to set a spool of thread under the window and put the bed's head back in the corner, out of the "draft." The draft is just what I want to get into. The object of ventilation is to produce motion in the air, so that we can breathe air which moves. It is not enough to raise the sash well up, if that is the only opening, for the air in the center of the room, or in the corner where the bed's head stands may be absolutely motionless and stagnant and remain so throughout the night.

There is not the slightest reason for the universal fear of drafts; a draft is air in motion, and motion does not impart any evil quality to air; on the contrary, moving air is far more likely to be pure than that which is stagnant. The chemical processes by which air pu-ri-fies itself depends on motion. There is no reason to suppose that cold air is dangerous; that is, if it is not so cold as to actually freeze one. The night air is not less salubrious than day air. Night air is air with the light out of it, and taking the light out of air does not make it noxious. There is no evidence to sup-port the idea that damp air is harmful; damp air is air with a little water in it, and water is not a poison.

If you lack vitality of power and wish to proceed scientifically in charging your

brain with it, you must first disabuse your mind of the notion that pure air, in any place or under any condition or in any quantity is harmful; and you must come to understand the fact that the first great necessity of life is a plentiful supply of absolutely pure air during sleep.

So, attend first to the ventilation of your sleeping room. If there is only one room in the house that can be ventilated sleep in that room no matter how inconvenient it may be otherwise. Begin by providing for a current of air across the room. Open a door or window on each side; wide open. Do not be afraid of burglars; better be carried off by a burglar than by the undertaker. When you have arranged for a current of air through the room, pull your bed out so that your head will be right in the middle of the stream. If you are not quite free from the old fear of moving air, you had better do this gradually, bringing the bed out a foot or two at a time; otherwise you may scare yourself to death with your fears of the dreadful "draft!"

Now understand that no matter what your disease may be, there is only one power which can cure you. You may have consumption, typhoid fever, appendicitis, cancer, liver complaint, a broken leg or a sore toe; but the only power which can make you whole is your own vital energy. The life that is in you is all the life there is; and you must accumulate enough of it to overcome the diseased or morbid condition. And you get it in sleep, and fresh, pure, *moving* air is absolutely necessary to the process. Do not close the window because it is damp; breathe the pure air, water and all. Do not close the window because it is cold; pile on bed clothes or make a fire. Do not "air" your bedroom during the day and close it at night; better reverse the process. Sleep the year round with your head in a running

stream of pure air, fresh from out-of-doors.

There are certain other things which are pretty well established. In a vast majority of cases eight hours is about the right length of time to pass in sleep every day. More than eight hours is too much. It is generally better to sleep six hours than ten. Don't ask me why, because I do not know.

And a condition of absolute physical and mental relaxation and passivity is demanded for the best results. It is a mistake to eat before going to bed. The digestion of food is work, and if you wish to gain strength you should not work while you are sleeping. I know, if you are mentally excited or disturbed you can often become unconscious more speedily after eating; that is because the stomach is robbing the brain of power, but unconsciousness while the brain works is not genuine sleep, and the charging process is very imperfect under such conditions; and you will lack power the next day. And you cannot make up the loss by eating more; the more you eat the weaker you will be. What you lose in sleep cannot be recovered at the table. There are better ways of curing insomnia than by overworking the stomach. Never mind what anybody tells you about the necessity for stuffing; go to bed with your stomach empty. The digestion of food is work, and you cannot have a natural, effective sleep while you are at work.

So far, you will please notice, I have written on physical energy or work power; not of will power. Will power, or spiritual control is also acquired in the silence, but with this difference—we do not become unconscious. We will talk about that a little in the last article of the series, but I want to call attention here to the fact that certain thought conditions are essential to perfect sleep. A brain whose power is being drawn upon

for thought cannot sleep. You cannot sleep and dream at the same time; the more you dream the less perfect is the renewal of your vital power. I do not wish you "pleasant dreams" or any other kind; I hope you may sleep.

Absolute quietude of mind; the cessation of all physical and mental activity, the relaxation which comes only with perfect trust in God, is a necessary condition for "restful" sleep; but while this is true, there is an element of positive thought which may enter in, possibly with advantage. It is a demonstrable fact, as I will show you later, that the brain power may be directed to or withheld from any part of the body by thought; and there is pretty good evidence that the character of the last thought on going to sleep may influence the course of the brain current during the night. Those who indulge in lascivious waking dreams are apt to have lascivious sleeping dreams; and to become unduly stimulated in the sexual system by an abnormal turning of power in

that direction. I am quite sure that it is possible to turn the vital energy toward any weak or defective organ, on going to sleep; but I am not so confident as to the wisdom of this, for it seems to me that sleep is for the gathering of force, and not for its expenditure in healing, or any other activities. I would be careful about setting the mind at work to heal myself or others during sleep; the best time to think your healing thoughts is when you are awake. Suppose, when you lie down tonight you try a formula like the following:

"I have opened my windows, and the pure air, filled with vital power, comes streaming in; the One Great Life is seeking to find me, and to fill me with Itself. I relax, and open my soul as I have opened my windows; I shall be filled with Life while I sleep; and it will give me power to overcome every ill, and all weakness. Flow in, oh, Life, and give me strength; and I will use it, by the guidance of Thy love, to do Thy will. Amen."

COINCIDENCE OR WHAT? The mail had just arrived. I picked up the *Mining News-Record*, from Alaska, and read aloud the following reprinted joke:

"A well-known doctor received the following: 'Dear Doctor: My mother-in-law is at death's door. Please hurry over and see if you can pull her through.'"

William was looking at the *Naturalist*. Interrupting his laugh at that joke he exclaimed, "And listen to this quoted from *Tacoma News*: 'I am slowly dying, doctor. Can you assist me?' 'I can do as much to help you along as any other physician in the city.'"

Query: Why did we "happen" on those similar items at the same moment?

Were our minds running in the same channel so that out of all that mail each of us unconsciously *selected* at that moment the particular periodicals—one from New York, the other from Alaska—that afforded us similar mental pabulum—or pap?

Many times we have similar experiences. Coincidence is an overworked theory, and not satisfactory; so I am inclined to attribute such experiences to Attraction.

Man is a magnet. If he attracts large things, big experiences, why not very small ones, too? If a magnet draws a steel bar will it not as surely attract the steel filing?

If man and wife are one will they not attract similar things, little and big? I think so.



A Meditation For The New Year.

In beginning this new year of work and growth I am resolved

I. To keep my tryst with the Eternal Silence every day, and if possible in the morning:

II. To manifest the ever-present Love in thought, word and deed. This will involve a constant control of my thoughts and words, out of which action springs naturally and inevitably:

III. To be diligent in business, not slothful in spirit:

IV. To trust the Higher Wisdom, which is ever ready to guide and direct me in the least as well as the greater issues of life:

V. To meditate much on the eternal, unchangeable Health in which I live and move and have being, and which I am able to manifest in this mortal body if I will. To this end I will breathe deeply out of doors EVERY DAY whatever the weather, and exercise briskly whenever I can:

VI. To read from the Bible every day, and also to spend at least ten minutes daily in reading some great, secular author:

VII. To believe in the potential powers of my REAL SELF, and not stifle them with fear and worry:

VIII. To do the biggest and best year's work I have yet accomplished. And why not EXPECT this, since I am bigger, stronger wiser and more powerful than I ever have been before.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

Prayer and Arithmetic.

A Serial Story by Eleanor Kirk.

For Boys and Girls, Young or Old, who may Think they Can't Do Things.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

The little rose allegory and the sweet and sure way in which it had been imparted gave Adele a sense of having been given something far more precious than even the highest marks in arithmetic could have afforded. It made her so happy to think that God had not "sighted" her as she had at first thought. One point the child grasped clearly; this was that even God could not do her work for her. She realized that under no circumstances would such a course be just, and God must be just or He would not be God. This consciousness had opened the door to a great many questions but these Adele very wisely put one side until the interview in the near future which Miss Eaton had promised her; and to which she was looking forward with the most loving anticipations.

Tom seemed rather un-Tom-like that evening. He hadn't anything to say, which was most unusual—and looked as if something very unpleasant had occurred.

"Flunked, Tom?" his father inquired.

"Not since last night," was the prompt response and the questioner understood and said no more.

It was Tom's conscience, Mr. Merrill told himself, and was very glad to find that he had a conscience in such good working order. He smiled as he thought of the extremely unpleasant pricks he had himself suffered from that day, and then drew his little daughter to his knee and inquired about her examinations.

"Shan't know until Friday," said Adele, "but I guess it is all right. Do you know, papa, the very strangest

thing happened. I was trying on one of the hardest of those problems at our study period, when Gertrude Lester looked over my shoulder and said, 'That would be all right, Adele, if it wasn't for your decimal point.'"

Tom glanced at his father and then let out a real Tom laugh which startled his mother so that she dropped her crochet work and her ball of white yarn went clear across the floor.

"Oh! Tom! You are so unexpected—for all the world like your Uncle Harry," mamma remarked, as the children picked up the spilled articles. "You ought to get over that habit. You'll scare somebody to death some time."

"Tom has had an awful time with my decimals," Adele explained with a smile as she perched herself again upon her father's knee.

"Say, papa," she began with great earnestness, "I want to ask you a question. Do you think there is any need of my being dull in mathematics because mamma says she was?"

"Why, of course," broke in her mother, "we all inherit things and"—

"But I was asking papa," Adele interrupted pleasantly. "We know that you believe it."

"Yes, you bet we do," said Tom. "Why, I am not Tom Merrill, but Uncle Harry Smith, who died before I was born. A fellow would like to be himself once in a while."

"Yes, Tom," said Adele, "but please let papa answer my question."

"State it again, please," said Mr. Merrill.

"I asked you if you thought there was any need of my being dull in mathematics because mamma was," Adele replied,

speaking very distinctly and doubly accenting each word with her fingers.

"Most everybody believes in heredity," was the evasive answer.

"What's that?" Adele asked.

"That certain traits of character are handed down from generation to generation."

"Who hands 'em down?" Adele interrupted. "I don't believe God does it."

"Why Adele Merrill," her mother broke in.

"But it wouldn't be fair," said the child. "Why not hand down good things as well as bad ones? Why couldn't I have been as smart in arithmetic as papa instead of as dull as mamma?"

"Because papa is a man and mamma is a woman. You can't inherit arithmetic from women. They haven't any to hand down. Everybody knows that," said Tom, apparently quite willing for others to be the victims of "hand downs" if he were permitted to go free.

"Well, I don't know it," Adele replied.

"What is your idea?" Mr. Merrill asked, evidently desirous of drawing out the thought of this earnest little one.

"I believe that God is good, *every bit good*, papa, and he certainly wouldn't be good if he showed partiality to boys," said Adele with shining eyes. "Another thing I think," she went on, "that this wicked old story is a good excuse for girls to be lazy. I'm ashamed that I ever believed a word of it."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Tom. "I expect you'll be tackling Euclid before long."

"I can tackle it if you can," said Adele. "I have got just as much—just as much—well—whatever it is—as you have or any other boy," and there was something in the girl's voice and manner that carried conviction to her audience. Even mamma looked pleased and interested, and Tom's face was a study. Astonishment at the sudden change in his sister's attitude toward the mathematical part of her education, and admiration of the new something that seemed to lift her above all thought of

annoyance or trouble, kept him silent under her challenge. He felt that she was speaking the truth, and that he would certainly have to look to his laurels. At this sacred moment Tom knew that his sister knew something worth knowing. But what was it? How did she come to be such a cry-baby yesterday and such a happy, resolute girl to-day?

"Since when have you been thinking these things, Adele?" Mr. Merrill inquired. He was much moved by these utterances because he grasped the fact that they were purely spiritual. There was no excitement in the child's manner, no striving after effect. The gentleness and simplicity of her attitude made it impossible for even Tom to utter a joking or dissenting word.

"Why, papa, I couldn't help thinking," said Adele. "You see"—and now the words came haltingly, "I wasn't very happy last night. I was all mixed up. Then—well—then, when there wasn't anything else I could do, I—I made a prayer."

There was a moment's pause here which Tom improved by a walk across the room and a slight use of his handkerchief.

"What did you pray for?" Mr. Merrill asked, quite as if he had not heard the whole petition from beginning to end.

"I prayed that I might be made bright in arithmetic and that I might get up this morning and do all my sums."

"Was your prayer answered?" Mr. Merrill's voice was somewhat husky as he pursued the inquiry.

"No, papa," Adele replied promptly.

"What do you think was the reason?"

"Miss Eaton told me the reason. It was because God couldn't answer it."

"Because he couldn't?" exclaimed the three listeners in surprise.

"Look here, papa," said Mrs. Merrill excitedly, "I think Adele has been to that school quite long enough. The idea of having her taught such awful heresy as that God couldn't do anything he pleased to do."

"Now, *you* are all mixed up, mamma dear," said Adele, with a smile. "It isn't that way at all. Look here, please," she added as her mother was about to resume. "It must be something like this—you believe papa loves me, don't me, mamma?"

"Adele Merrill, what a question to ask!" The lady replied, "Of course I believe it."

"Well, he wouldn't help me last night," said Adele.

"Wouldn't and couldn't are two very different things. He could have helped you if he had wanted to."

"Then he was very unkind, and papa was never that. Don't you think papa it may be something like this," and now Adele threw her arm about her father's neck and pressed her cheek against his. "Oh! how I wish I could tell it as it seems to me."

"Do the best you can," Mr. Merrill replied.

"All right," was the quiet answer. "You said it was wrong to help me. Why was it wrong?"

"Because I couldn't have helped you as you wanted to be helped last night without being dishonest and making you dishonest also. You would have had a few hints and a few figures which might have enabled you to slip through, but I thought it far better that you should fail utterly and take the full consequences than to be assisted in such a fashion. It seems a great truth and never so great as tonight that we must all learn our own lessons."

"There! that's the whole story," Adele exclaimed with enthusiasm, "except, that it seems to me God gave us everything to work with in the first place."

"Well, if that is true," said Tom, bringing his sturdy young fist down on the table with a force which shook everything upon it, "it lets God out of the whole business."

"Oh! Tom," said his mother reprovingly.

"I don't mean a thing wrong," said the boy. "Surely papa isn't any better than God, and God must have given him his honor."

"Oh! yes," said Adele as her brother

came to a sudden halt which was not a period, "go on, Tommy, go on. Isn't this lovely?"

"I guess I have said all I can say," Tom replied. "It's sort of confusing when you come to think, but it seems to me if God or anyone else did Adele's sums for her it would be cheating Adele."

"You are quite right, my son," said Mr. Merrill, "and now what do you say to a good brisk walk? I don't think it best to talk any more tonight. Wouldn't you like to come, mamma?"

But mamma thought it was too chilly, and so papa and the children started off without her. There were very few words spoken on the way. Adele's hand nestled in her father's, and Tom trotted along, occasionally tempted to renew the conversation of the evening, but repelled from doing so by his father's silence. Other topics seemed impossible. Once he said as they were nearing home:

"The stars are mighty bright tonight. I shall be glad for one when we get into the country where we can see them. I do hate these great high houses that shut off everything worth seeing."

"Very useful though," said papa, speaking for the first time. "We shouldn't quite know what to do without ours."

"Tommy forgot his own high house," said Adele with her happy laugh.

"But wouldn't you rather live in the country, Adele?"

"Indeed I would, Tom, all the year round," his sister answered. "I like to see all the stars just as you do, and I love to see the whole country."

"That's right, Sis," said Tom, resuming his old boyish manner. "You see, governor," he added, "that Adele and I want the earth."

"And the heavens thrown in," said Mr. Merrill, as he opened the front door.

Later, when husband and wife were alone, the latter asked in a more curious than worried manner:

"What under the sun do you think has got into Adele?"

"I think she has touched the Truth," was the solemn response, "and if we had done so at her age we should have been spared a lot of trouble and humbug, and been of a good deal more use in the world."

Eddie Bok's New York.

Does It Exist?

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

We have always liked Boston very much, and on our several visits there have been much pleased at the uniform courtesy of the Bostonese.

So when we read the good Saint Eddie's famous essay, in the *Ladies' Double Distilled and Purified Home Journal*, on the angelic politeness and gigantic intellectual powers of the citizens and citizenesses of Boston, we said, "Amen, that's so."

And when we read what the same sprightly youngster had to say about the all-around ruffianly cussedness of New York, we said, "That's so" too, because we didn't know anything about it.

* * * * *

But we have just spent a night and part of two days in New York, going there with black prejudice in our hearts—and although we looked for trouble and cussedness on every dark corner, in every café and street car and railroad station—a la Eddie—we failed to drag it forth. Was the fault ours? Or did St. Eddie invite trouble? Anyhow we've taken him down off the plaster of paris pedestal where we had him enthroned as prince of graft expositors.

* * * * *

The first thing we did on arriving in New York was to go to the Belmont Café, just across the street from the Grand Central Station, for lunch. Here, with Eddie's articles fresh in mind, we nerved ourselves for the fray and with fiendish glee advanced to the dining table. The bill of fare was discouraging to a would-be vegetarian. Nothing but meat, *meat*, MEAT. And more meat. Moreover, the list was so closely printed and so poorly arranged that we could not readily make our selections. Instead of standing coldly aloof, with the rude, superior air which we were looking for, the waiter was voluble, patient and explicit in pointing out the places where we could

find the different articles which we desired on the bill of fare, and in giving us further and special information when desired, about each item. When I had finally settled on a pot of chocolate and a piece of orange custard pie, and Elizabeth had declared for soup and cranberry pie, we looked in vain for the waiter to snort at the munificence of our order. But he didn't. He brought the stuff and it was all good. When we had finished we bestowed a ten cent tip on the waiter. To our intense amazement he did not toss it in the air, spit on it, close his left eye at his brother waiter standing near, sneeze, snort or otherwise indicate excessive scorn or disapproval as we thought we had a right to expect—after reading the *Hum Journal*. Instead he said, "Thank you, sir." Then Elizabeth asked him how we should reach Madison avenue. Ah, ha, thought I, now we'll get it. He's got his tip, a small one, and we'll get the icy mit. But again my soaring hopes were doomed to the deep, black pit of disappointment. He replied at length, and repeated his instructions to meet the comprehension of our simple, untutored, Holyoke bred minds. He even came back a second time and added a few points to make his instructions still clearer. Then we went outside to breathe some fresh air and find out where we were at.

* * * * *

Our next essay was in the jewelry stores. Elizabeth wanted some silver pieces of a particular pattern. We went to half a dozen of the leading stores, and none of them had the desired pattern. At each store the clerks, after finding that they could not supply our wants, referred us to from one to half a dozen other stores where we might be more successful. Sometimes they would go to the door with us and point out the stores to us, and give us the detailed instructions as to how they could be reached. When we said we were much obliged, the reply was, "Not at all."

* * * * *

Riding on the surface cars from the Twenty-third street subway station to

the Pennsylvania ferry we had to stand for a time. I had two suit cases. As soon as there was a vacant seat the conductor courteously called it to my attention and replied civilly to our inquiries regarding the distance to the ferry. We never failed to get the information we asked for, in full, from any of the street railway or subway employes. Verily, Eddie Bok must radiate smugness.

* * * The Pennsylvania Railroad may be somewhat of a graft, but you can bet your bottom dollar they "take the message to Garcia" and pull their handsome trains into every station *on time*—something I can say of no other roads on which I have travelled to date.

* * * Alack! and Alas! Scarcely had I completed writing the above words than I discovered that we were losing a little time (we were on our way to Washington from New York) and by the time we got to Baltimore we were about fifty minutes late. At Baltimore there was a great clearing of trains. It seems there were three or four specials on the tracks which was the excuse given for our being late. We were almost an hour behind the schedule when we reached Washington. It was reported that President Roosevelt was on our train.

Are There Breakers Ahead?

An Astrological Forecast.

By FRANK THEODORE ALLEN.

Ever since the iconoclastic planet, Uranus, began his transit through the sign of "blue-blood, leadership and authority" two years ago we have been entertained with an almost continuous performance of his pranks in ruthlessly laying bare the secret rottenness that exists in high places, so that when we realize that this torch of truth will continue his transit through that sign for another five years we most naturally exclaim, "What next?"

Coincident with the exposures of official and commercial rapacity there have transpired an unusual number of disastrous storms, prolonged periods of record-breaking and unseasonable weather, and a long list of earthquakes and other seismic disturbances, numerous appalling accidents, and an almost monotonous repetition of the evidences of political and religious unrest and discontent among the peoples of the earth.

I now predict that the last four or five weeks of this year—1906—will be notable for a quick succession of such occurrences as I have named above, with unusual political excitement both in America and Europe. Presi-

dent Roosevelt will be the target for some of the most bitter attacks he has yet encountered, and he will doubtless be forced to part company with some who have heretofore been regarded as his tried and true friends, but, coincident with or following closely upon this will be manifested a more pronounced disposition on the part of the masses to uphold him in the furtherance of his projects.

I note some particularly ominous aspects as effecting the United States towards the close of March and in the early part of April, 1907. I cannot attempt very exact prediction of the outcome, but there seems every likelihood of the evolution of some deeply laid political scheme or treacherous design, also an unusually large death rate in the congested centers of population.

But what I am confident will prove to be the most eventful period that has been experienced in modern times will be ushered in with the month of May and June, 1907, when the fiery and executive Mars joins forces with the erratic and revolutionary Uranus, right at the very citadel of the sign that represents all human authority, organization and leadership, and where they will remain in company until September.

This forthcoming conjunction of Mars and Uranus is particularly ominous in its portents for the following reasons:

First—Because it brings into co-operation two of the most radical of all the planetary forces, and that right at the most vital part of the zodiac so far as effects all human institutions.

Second—Mars will then be retrograded and in his "perigee," or the point of his nearest approach to our earth, a phenomena that occurs at intervals of fifteen years, and which has always been coincident with some unusual and exciting events, such as wars, riots, rebellions, scourges of pestilence, earthquakes, destructive fires, etc.

Third—This conjunction will take place directly opposite to the place of the sun at the time of the Declaration of Independence—a point that history has abundantly proven to be most sensitive and vital as affecting the destiny of this country, and which also happens to be identical with the place of the moon at the birth of President Roosevelt.

I have no desire to pose as a prophet of woe or disaster, but I believe that I have not in the least exaggerated the possibilities and probabilities of the rapidly approaching planetary aspects. But I have not described them as evil, nor do I so regard them. My study of men and history in the light of astrology has revealed to me one stupendous fact, namely, that nothing worth while has ever been achieved or produced except under the influence of planetary conditions that the old school and orthodox astrologers describe as "evil," and no originality or genius has ever been known to develop in persons born under the so-called fortunate aspects of the planets. Great good to humanity is certain to result from whatever of cosmic changes are imminent, and only that can be destroyed or transmuted which has served its purpose in its present form.

About Resolutions.

BY AXEL LUNDEBERG.

ACT! We hear so much about resolutions. But it is an undeniable fact that promises and resolutions are as easily and frequently broken as they are made. The obvious reason for this is that most people promise more than they are able to keep, or rather place their ideals higher than the actuality they can reach. There is no man living who can fulfil all he resolves to do or be. Everyone falls short of his ideals, and is satisfied if he can idealize the real, after he has found that he could not realize the ideal. There is, however, one resolution that very few make and still fewer break. This resolution is not so easy to form as all the others. It is a rather hard one. Not every one is capable of making it. Many try and fail. Others refuse even to attempt it. But those who have made it have invariably made a success of their lives. They have helped the world to move and impressed the stamp of their character, or often genius, not only on their own epoch but on human history forever. In order to explain the nature of the resolutions we now have alluded to, it will be necessary to find the psychological reason why so many resolutions are broken. If we analyze a special case, one known to us, we will find it to be none else but the severance in our minds and lives of thought from action, or the division of our being in two halves, one of thought, another of action. There are many who realize only one of those two sides of their nature. Some think without acting. Others act without thinking. The majority of our friends let their resolutions remain in their thoughts. They never transform them into action. And thus they are broken at the very moment of their birth. The only resolution that is not broken is the one that is not only a theory but at the same time a practical thing, a union of thought and action, a thought realized in life. And a man who is capable of forming such resolutions is never capable of breaking them.

He could not, even if he would. For they would be executed and transformed into reality long before he would have time to break them. He might regret them but he could never undo them. And he would be as near as possible a perfect man, for he would put into operation the whole of his being, both his theoretical and practical forces.

We should not deem this impossible, for there are a few examples in history of men who have given themselves up to accomplish the feat and succeeded.

One did so within the realm of spiritual achievements, the other within that of temporal affairs, and none of them will ever be forgotten. One was Christ, the other Napoleon. Both of them lived their thoughts. To them there was no idea born in their brains destined to lie there buried and inactive. Their lives and actions were their thoughts. Their resolutions did not consist of soul only but also of flesh and bone. All who mourn at the graves of broken resolutions should study the lives and history of these two heroes of human achieve-

ments and then stand up and do as they did, not by imitating their deeds or duplicating their acts, but by transmuting their resolutions into prompt and immediate actions. Then life will be one unbroken success, instead of, as is now often the case, a series of failures caused by broken resolutions.

Our resolutions then should be embodied in the short but powerful formula at the head of these lines, and which we repeat with emphasis as our last word, "Act!"

Relation of Sea Urchins to the Millennium.

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART.

In an article, "Artificial Creation of Life," written by Mr. Serviss for the *Cosmopolitan*, this sentence seems of especial significance: "In the case of the higher animals it has been suggested that it is not impossible that a transitory change in the ions of the blood might allow of the occurrence of the complete parthenogenesis in mammals."

It must appear to thoughtful people that orthodox Christianity is passing away. Yet every error contains a germ of truth; and that germ must, in time, grow and cast aside the envelope of error which not only disfigures but disguises the eternal verity. This process is, in Scripture, symbolized by a Day of Judgment wherein the wheat and tares are separated.

The materialistic theory of life is neither satisfying nor alluring. Although this does not disprove its possible truth, yet there are those who will search desperately for some belief consistent with the immortal hope within, before accepting its dreary philosophy. Everything existing has a cause for being. Orthodoxy has only within the past few decades become age-struck; it lived a useful life, and is yet to many undeveloped, uncomprehending ones a living faith. But its vitality has failed beyond recovery and many there are who from this dying faith expect a purified and untrammelled spirit to arise.

Evidences of this the whole world is seeking. And one of the most persistent phases of this modern religion is the belief in bodily regeneration or transmutation,—the abolishment of death, the last enemy to be destroyed.

Not for naught has the immaculate Mary and the sinless Jesus been held as examples before the eyes of successive generations.—Something there is in the possibility of the virgin conception which rings true to the sure instinct that our arrogant intellects so fear to trust,—something which appeals to and thrills a responsive string in the consciousness of every human.

The immaculate Mother represents a high step in evolution. But higher still stands the Master, who by proper use of the life forces, transmutes material flesh into spiritual substance. The word "spiritual" here implies neither divinity nor holiness; for lack of a better term it is used merely to express refined, ethereal,—the elimination of the gross and material.

Concerning this new age upon whose threshold we stand—the Millennium, in religious vernacular—there exists many conflicting opinions. Some call it the spiritual age, others the electrical. But all agree that it will be an age of humane tendencies and ever-increasing harmony; that the refined body will be a perfect one, unrestricted by material needs; and that the quickened intellect, thus left free, will be able to focus its energies to solve the puzzling Riddle of the Universe.

The researches of Mr. Loeb suggest the fertilization, in the human species, by mental control of sex force instead of chemicals.—Many of our metaphysicians assert that the whole riddle of life lies in the secret of sex. It is more than possible that the scientist has surprised Nature in her hidden fastnesses and that her mystic scroll will soon be read.

Do those finger-bowls in the bare California laboratory hold the germ of the Millennium's fulfillment? Would not

the virgin born be on a higher plane of spirituality than ordinary mortals, since before such a birth be possible there must be concentration, control, and purity of the productive energy in the highest degree? Enoch walked with God, Elijah was translated, but Jesus was Master throughout his life. He alone was able to lay down his body and take it up again. The lesson of the Virgin and her Son has not yet been learned by earth dwellers. May it not be that we are tending toward a parthenogenetic race which will produce beings whose spiritual control and mastery of the life forces were foreshadowed in Jesus of Nazareth?

Even now New Thought teachers tell us that cradles and coffins are together doomed. Everything has its appointed time, and the world of thought today waits in the hushed expectancy of a prophet who listens in the silence for the revealing word.

"These are the days when the San Francisco Man-Who-Reads says strong and muscular words about certain correspondents and foreign editorial writers whose facts are based on his fancy. He reads of 'The city that was,' and says 'Fudge!' and loses his temper when he finds San Francisco classed with Karnak or Nineveh. It's all mighty interesting reading—this twanging of the lyre on a one-tuned threnody for the lost city of the Golden Gate,—but as history it's mostly rubbish. San Francisco today bears about the same proportionate, pulsing relation to Nineveh that a Russian bomb does to Yorick's skull. This big western metropolis by the Golden Gate, that lost somewhere near \$400,000,000 worth of its property in its April disaster, is righting itself so rapidly and so gaily that rare old Phoenix bird must be pluming and proud of its youngest chick. Eleven million passengers carried on its street cars during July; forty-eight million dollars worth of real estate changing hands during the six months ending with June; bank clearings for August footing up one hundred and eighty-eight millions; clearings for one week in September \$46,005,049, *twenty-five per cent more than the corresponding week a year ago*. These are just a few facts worth noting. No wonder the loyal citizen says 'Skidoo!' to the calamity howler who discourses learnedly on earthquake cycles, or figures that San Francisco's ocean-carrying trade must be divided hereafter between Guaymas and Sitka. Nineveh Gad-zooks!"—Charles S. Aiken, in *Sunset Magazine*.

Happy, happy New Year!
 Accept this greeting,
 That in thy heart,
 Through all earth's changing weather,
 Summer may reign forever
 And
 Forever.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes
 and the Nautilus Staff.

To all Good Nautilus
 People Everywhere.

EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH.

CURED BY BREATHING EXERCISES. Here is an extract from a letter written by another grateful reader—and user—of Miss Fletcher's "Rhythmic Breath" articles:

Last December I started the no-breakfast plan and adhered to it until July 1st, and fasting frequently, too. In the meantime getting thinner and weaker. Then, six weeks ago, three times a day, I began to practice Miss Fletcher's alternate breathing exercises, given in "Law of the Rhythmic Breath." The result has been most gratifying, as I have lost that "tired feeling" and I feel the stirring of the realization of hope to build a better, higher personality. Was also a "fresh air fiend," but it didn't make me strong. The understanding has come to me that fresh air has nothing to do with the upbuilding of vitality. I think when we expand the lungs that it's the inrush of electrical vibrations that does the work. Jesus didn't have any fresh air when he was resuscitating himself. Since such a radical change of view, I don't derive any benefit from fresh air, although I had thought it maintained my small stock of vitality. "As a man thinketh so is he," is sure. My husband is absolutely healthy and strong, and would live in an air-tight house with almost no ventilation and temperature stifling hot if he had his way all the time. Why do these things work so differently with different people? Hope to see your explanation in "Family Counsel" soon.—ELEANOR M. FOWLER, Fort Collins, Col.

Eleanor has jumped at conclusions which are surely false and if uncorrected will lead to other ills worse than the ones of which she is healing herself.

Her main conclusion that it is "the inrush of electrical vibrations that does

the work" is probably correct. But she overlooks the fact that dead air has no "electrical vibration." Fresh air is *alive* with "electrical vibration." Shut fresh air in a close room and the vibration will soon *slow down* if not stop altogether. Shut a few human beings in with the roomful of fresh air and the oxygen, which carries the "electrical vibration," will soon be absorbed by the lungs, and the room will be filled with carbonic acid gas vibrations which are thrown off by the human body, and are death to it if re-breathed.

The reason Mr. Fowler, or any other "perfectly healthy" person, can exist in a close room is because he doesn't stay there hours enough at a time to complete the poisoning process. He undoubtedly leads an *active* life *outdoors*, for the greater part of the day, and during that time he stores enough "electrical energy" to keep him in fairly good condition over the period when he lives in a tight room.

But let him *stay* for two or three days in a close room, without exercise or ventilation, and see what becomes of his "perfect health." He will begin to feel lopy and stupid in a few hours, and a day or two will make him positively sick—probably with a "bad cold."

I know a man who was raised on a farm, living an active outdoor life all day, and spending his evenings and nights in a tightly closed house. He was strong and well, except once in a while, when he "had a cold." When he was about twenty he went to a city, to enter a business office. All day he sat at a desk. All evening he worked at his own desk in his own bed room, which was insufficiently heated by a coal oil stove and lighted by a kerosene lamp. He *never* opened a window in his room. The landlady probably aired out the room a few minutes each morning. This young man would work with chilled hands, over his

kerosene stove, until the flame went out entirely from lack of oxygen. By accident he discovered that, when the stove burned low if he opened his door into the hall the flame would brighten again. After that he opened the door into the hall every time the stove or lamp showed signs of going out. Sometimes he had to do this three or four times in an evening. So you may imagine what sort of atmosphere he spent his evenings and nights in. During the day he walked about a mile and a half all told. In the office there were several other men besides himself. No effort was made to ventilate systematically, but the doors swung to and fro many times a day.

This young man, who was "perfectly healthy" when he left the farm, stood life in close rooms just eleven months—with colds, dull head, etc., punctuating the eleven months. Then he came down with typhoid fever, a *very* severe and prolonged case, followed by many abscesses. No, the water supply was alright, and he ate very little fruit. His system was poisoned by the foul air. The only wonder is that he survived at all.

I know of a young woman who has for two years or so been "gong into consumption," from the same cause, trying to live in a close, warm house. This last summer a doctor "ordered" her to live in a tent. So she had a nice tent erected over a board floor, with screen windows, a stove, and double roof. Then she sat around, or rested on the bed, all summer long. This fall she went back to her close house. They say she is decidedly better, but they are afraid she will grow worse again in the house. She probably will—not because she can't get as much air in a house as in a tent, but because she will not let the air in—

And—

Because she will not USE what she does admit.

The secret of health is to *breathe fresh air*. If this woman had sat on her tent porch and exercised her lungs, or if she had taken short little brisk walks three times a day or more, lengthening the walks as fast as she could, she would have pumped into herself enough "electrical energy" to make her a well woman before now. Instead of that she "*saved*" herself as much as possible, doing nothing she didn't *have* to, not even breathing more than she absolutely had to!

If that young man had spent his evenings in a properly ventilated room he could have stood the work in the office—the mile and a half of walking would have been exercise enough to keep him going, if not enough to make him *gain* vitality.

The key to the whole thing is this: *It is not the fresh air about you which gives you vitality, but the fresh air you get into your body.*

The more *exercise* you take the more air you breathe *unconsciously*, for every physical effort induces full breathing.

If you don't exercise enough and *vigorously* enough, to induce sufficient deep breathing to keep you in perfect health, then you must take voluntary breathing exercises, or suffer the consequences.

Not how much air about you, but *what use you make of it*, counts for health.

Half-dead air *well breathed*, is of more value than a whole ocean of fresh air with the shallow, cramped breathing which is natural to persons of inactive habit.

Eleanor's "fresh air fiend"-ness is now coupled with the sort of lung-exercise that generates vitality.

But don't breathe stagnant air, Eleanor, or you'll have to take a good many more breaths to do the trick. And if it is too stagnant it won't do it anyhow.

Read Wallace Wattles' article in this *Nautilus* and keep on being a fresh air fiend.

Speaking of Mr. Wattles' article, I see he doubts the wisdom of "sending the subjective" to heal others while you sleep. I know by long experience that "sending the subjective" works both ways—it *heals the sender as well as the receiver*. This is probably due to the fact that nearly all illness is due to mental interference with the natural functions of the body, or to persistent fear. In sending the subjective to heal another you simply get so absorbed in that other that you forget yourself, thus taking mental hands off yourself and allowing your bodily functions to resume their normal activities. The same principle worked in the cases of many San Franciscan "hopeless invalids" who in the recent earthquake became so crazy over the earthquake that they forgot themselves; later they found themselves well, cured by taking *hands off* and *letting "nature" work*.

"DEVILS AND SWINE." I have a question to submit to you, and will be as brief about it as possible.

A friend and myself have had a discussion as to whether or not the past mood of an individual may be apparent in his vibrations at a later period. To illustrate:

I attempted to play a game of bridge one evening with four others. I was suffering, at the time, with a severe headache and so made several mistakes. My partner, in no very kind spirit, became sarcastic, and actually ridiculed me, and, for a moment, I regret to say, I lost my temper but soon regained it. I kept busy between plays in mentally saying, "I love you," to my partner. 'Twas only a little while before I was sweet and forgiving, and my little irritation a thing of the past. *But*, as I sweetened, the others grew cross, and before we had finished, three crankier females than those with whom I was playing, it would have been hard to find. Before leaving I put my arms about the neck of my partner and told her I was sorry for having seemed irritable, and she replied that she did not blame me, for she had been too disagreeable for any use. She had a worry to contend with, which, as she expressed it, made her "vicious."

Now, my explanation of that circumstance was that in the very act of leaving me, my vibrations had affected those playing with me. I know of another case where a lady, a healer, had a trouble which she found difficult to dispel. All one day she was unable to rise above it. The next day she was seemingly her normal self. A patient came to her, was treated and, after leaving her healer, was so strangely

depressed as to be on the point of tears, though she had gone to the office in a quiet state of mind. Of course a properly poised person would never take on other conditions, but is not the parable of the devil and swine applicable here?—Edith G.

Perhaps some of our readers will think the devil was in the game itself, as well as in the players. It is a fact that a great many people confess that they cannot play cards without getting mad—either at their own "luck," or the "stupidity" of their partners, or the crankiness of somebody else.

**"IF THY RIGHT HAND
OFFEND THEE."**

Which reminds me how I overcame a habit of "getting mad" when the children interrupted me in the midst of some exciting tale just when the villain was clutching Guinivere and nobody near to save. When I was reading something specially thrilling—at that time I read only religious stories—the children seemed possessed to tease me for this, that and the other. And I was cross before I thought. And I thought I "couldn't help it," but I did *hate* myself for the crossness.

Then one day in my silence hour this sentence dropped into my consciousness, alongside the thought of my impatience with the children—"If thy right hand cause thee to offend cut it off and cast it from thee." It was like cutting off my right hand to give up reading those religious novels which "did me so much good." But the voice of the spirit had spoken. I swore off on novel reading. For a whole year I read not a single novel.

Then a friend *asked* me to read a new religious novel. I did. It was the most absorbing story! And the children seemed doubly possessed to interrupt me! And everybody else into the bargain! I read every minute I could until the story was finished. *Then* I realized that I had been interrupted ninety-

nine times, more or less, and hadn't been even tempted to impatience a single time.

You see, I had *grown* in that year, grown in self-control; or rather I had learned poise, the power to turn readily from one thing to another. If I had kept on reading novels that year I would have wasted much energy in impatience, and would have *fixed* upon myself the habit of flying off the handle at interruptions. As it was the spirit lead me to do just the right thing, and *I did it*—the one thing that enabled me to do what I had longed and prayed to be able to do, control my temper.

THE DEVIL OF CROSSNESS. If I "couldn't play cards without getting cross" I'd treat cards as I did the novel reading—let them alone until I *could* play *pleasantly* *al-ways*.

And the devil of crossness certainly does get into everybody who comes into contact with the cross one. Others may have better self-command than to show it, but they *feel* the cross vibrations just the same.

And when you have made somebody cross you only make her crosser by mental affirmations of "I love you!" When you have made her cross she resents you and doesn't *want* you to love her. Do you want the love of some "hateful old thing" who is mean to you? Of course not. You want her to *let you alone*.

Next time you start vibrations of crossness change them by speaking *Peace* to the troubled waves. *To be still* is the cure for crossness. After things are all quiet and peaceful again, *then* is time to start the I-love-you vibrations.

It is like this: Crossness starts vibrations *across* other people's vibrations; just as if your friend had dropped a pebble into a pool, making neat little ripples radiating toward the shore; and then you threw in two or three more pebbles, each starting its own series of

ripples and *chopping up* the ripples your friend started. Crossness is like that—your vibrations go *across* your friends' vibrations, disturbing the friends. Then they are apt to start *more* cross-vibrations, and the atmosphere grows more choppy and *crossed*. Then you throw in a few I-love-you pebbles, and make it *more* choppy!

You see *peace* is the only thing that will *stop* the cross-vibrations and make it possible to start harmonious ones.

Just remember this next time you make somebody cross. Don't put your arms around her the next minute and tell her you're sorry. And don't try to jolly it off. If you do she will be very apt to flounce away from you, or say something ugly to add to the general crossness. Just *let go*—don't *try* to "start harmonious vibrations"—*be still* and *let* the atmosphere calm down a bit. *Then change the subject*. Later you can apologize if you want to, and she—or he—will meet you half way or better.

The same principle works with a cross child. Scoldings, lectures, slaps, punishment, all add to the general crossness of vibrations, until a regular psychic storm tosses both parent and child into doing what neither would dream of doing if *let alone*. If the child is sent to his room and the mother goes to hers, the cross vibrations will soon quiet down, when they will find it very easy to come to an understanding. The parent who has gumption enough to *speak peace first* can do *anything* with a child—anything that is right.

And the bridge player who has the same gumption will never be ashamed of herself, nor lack invitations to the most exclusive homes of her set.

Before me is a newspaper cut of Helen Wilmans, **HELEN WILMANS.** with this headline: "Noted Faith Healer a Confessed Fraud." Under the picture appears this

statement: "*Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post, who a few years ago was a mental healer as famous as Mrs. Eddy or Dowie, and who founded the town of Seabreeze, Fla., confessed in court at Jacksonville, Fla., Saturday, that she was a fraud, and paid a fine of \$500 for fraudulent use of the mails. In an affidavit filed in court she said she is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, and cannot cure herself. Her plea to be relieved of the thirty days' imprisonment was granted.*"

This newspaper report comes from one of our Chicago friends, who wants to know what I think about it.

I think the matter is so stated as to make it a virtual lie. Mrs. Wilmans was no fraud and never "confessed" herself such, I am positive. She probably "confessed" herself as suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, hoping thereby to influence the judge to remit the prison sentence of thirty days. The reporter evidently construed this "confession" to suit his own views.

Helen Wilmans was not convicted of using fraudulent methods of healing. This point was thrown out of the case on the first appeal. She was tried and convicted on the one point that she *did not use her mental healing powers as promised*. Her advertising literature conveyed the idea that at certain times of the day she would go into the silence and treat each patient individually. Some of her stenographers testified that instead of doing this she went fishing, or did anything else she happened to fancy, leaving her patients to the tender mercies of said stenographers, who wrote all her patients' letters out of their own heads.

I have always believed Mrs. Wilmans was perfectly conscientious in doing this. She knew, as every practiced healer knows, that he can and does go fishing and treat folks at the same time. He knows that he becomes a *sun* of healing, radiating treatments at all hours of day and night. And he knows that a direct message sent at, say nine a. m., to John Doe may have to hang around in John Doe's aura for an hour or two or may be all day, before John Doe gets quiet enough to *let* the message into his center of consciousness. And the healer knows that the message *will* get in the minute

John Doe relaxes a bit. So he is not so anxious about treating John at any particular minute.

But healers grow into this way of doing things. At first they are very punctilious about times and seasons.

I surmise that Helen Wilmans' advertising literature was written when Helen wrote all her own letters and took special seasons each day for treating each patient. As her business grew other people stepped in to take charge of the routine work of her business, people who were possibly no less scrupulous than the department heads in other business concerns, but who knew less about the mental goods handled in this particular concern. Mrs. Wilmans had no head nor inclination for business herself, as she often stated. So, between the hired folks who didn't savvy, and Mrs. Wilmans, who was too busy writing and thinking and treating, that stereotyped advertising matter was overlooked, while the business grew and methods changed. This gave her enemies a good hold, which they were smart enough, and determined enough to use.

ENEMIES. For she had enemies. *Of their own making.* Helen was almost insolent—when not quite so—in her treatment of those who were not advanced enough to agree with her. And I am told the Posts had a local paper in which they continually—Mr. Post at least, and others of the Wilmans relatives—*whacked* the little "back number" town of Daytona across the river, which the Posts' new town of Seabreeze was outgrowing. I am told that a certain millionaire whose holdings in Daytona were depreciating in value with the rest of the town, was particularly incensed at the new Seabreeze and the gibes of its weekly paper, which was owned and edited by the Posts. "They say" it was this man's millions and resentment that pushed the case.

Aided and abetted by the Florida "medical trust" whose members had come in for their share of gibes and jeers through the Seabreeze local paper and *Freedom*.

And carried through to a finish by the U. S. Government prosecutors who never let go a case they have once taken up.

The end thereof is conviction, a fine of \$500, a remitted sentence of thirty days in prison, and a promise on Helen Wilmans' part not to try to use the U. S. mails again for her healing and publishing business. For I understand she had to promise this. In addition she must publicly confess to being afflicted with a disease she cannot cure.

DOWNFALLS. No, I do not consider her "downfall" the result of "commercialism." Rather it may be attributed in part to too little "commercialism"—to lax business methods. For "commercialism" she can't compare with Rockefeller *et al.*, who will doubtless escape with a few smirches and a few less dollars.

There is something back of that. Ever since I first came in touch with Helen Wilmans I have felt this something, and tried to figure it out. I think Helen's mistake, which began in the beginning of her life problem and is still running through it for all I know to the contrary, may be summed up as *Big I, little other fellow, and no God*. Only within a year or so has Helen even recognized God as anything but a myth or a cold Law, which we can use or let alone as we choose. Of God as a *living impulse working in and through every individual; of each individual working out his share of the common destiny*; she has seemed to have no conception.

So, instead of working *with* all individuals, for the common life which is urging through all, she has seemed to work to *rise above and away from* the race, and she has seemed to have the idea that *she* does it all, by working according to some inert rule of life, like a rule of addition or multiplication. To her the undeveloped ones seemed to be merely fools, unworthy consideration, because they could not demonstrate what she could. That there is a Something, a One Power, WORKING, really working in us all, not for the good of the individual alone but for the good of all *through* the individual, she seemed not to realize.

With this conception of life she would be a sort of mental edition of the "Sea Wolf," as described by Jack London. This conception would make her laugh at and rather glory in the fact that Sea-

breeze was sucking the life out of Daytona. With a conception of the oneness of life she would have felt a sympathy—a same-state-y—with Daytona that would have made gibes impossible and would surely have attracted sympathy and kindness and admiration, instead of resentment, from Daytonaites.

Of course I may be mistaken in this estimate of Helen's ideals. If so I'd like to know it. And I fully realize that there were others mixed up in the Daytona affair. Helen may merely have stood by and consented while others threw most of the stones. But with right ideals a woman of her ability could not have done even that. And the results were the same, since she was the head of the town and business.

Helen's heart was right. She is said to be the kindest, most generous of women. If she had realized Daytona's point of view *and their oneness with her* she could not have jeered them.

But Helen has prided herself always upon living in her head. It is her mental structure of life which is at fault, not her *intention*, her heart-life.

And I wonder if all this trouble has straightened out her thinking. That is the mission of all our trials and tribulations, to take the kinks and frills out of our thinking, to sweep away the mental rubbish that obscures the *real life* at the heart of us, where the Infinite speaks to us its plans and pours in its urge.

I TOLD YOU SO. As to Helen's rheumatism, I might say "*I told you so.*" But I'll refrain lest I make some mistakes in my own thinks. I told Helen long ago she'd have to accept a little vegetarianism, exercise, etc., with her mental science, or she'd see. She insisted that strong mental power was the only need, and she kept on living high and thinking hard and exercising little.

As to her inability to heal herself, what of it? Even Jesus could "save others, himself he could not save." And every doctor of any school loses not only his own "case" but many another. Such failures only prove that this particular individual has failed to "demonstrate" over this particular case—though she *has* demonstrated over a thousand others.

Anent Books and Things.

—One of the handsomest bits of advertising we have seen comes from the Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Mich. It is called "The Door Unbolted," sent free on request.

—"The Secret of Memory: The Demonstration of a New Theory," is a handsome new booklet of Lessons, in reproduced typewriting, from the thought and press of A. Victor Segno, Los Angeles, Cal. No price given. Gives practices which cannot fail to brighten any memory; fine for young or old.

—"The Religion of Cheerfulness" is a darling little book by Sara A. Hubbard, whose quaint side-curved, spectacled and beaming miniature appears in the book. Full of good cheer and wisdom, and daintily bound in blue and white, stiff boards, price only 60 cents postpaid. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

—"Vanity, How to Acquire and Conserve It" is a nice volume of 278 pages bound in blue cloth, issued by Health Pub. Co., 321 Fifth ave., N. Y. It is called a "symposium of the world's greatest authorities on hygiene, physical development, breathing, diet, hydropathy," by the late Felix Oswald and five or six other M. D's.

—"Seeing the Invisible," by James Coates, Ph. D., is a book of "Practical Studies in Psychometry, Thought Transference, Telepathy and Allied Phenomena." Contains a picture of the late Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, 293 pages, cloth bound, price not given. L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C., London.

—Here is a nice picture of Charles W. Close, Ph. D., used as frontispiece in a copy of the fourth edition of his rational mind cure classic, "Phrenopathy." This fine book has helped many a seeker, and is now revised and enlarged in the light of Dr. Close's long and varied experience. Dr. Close's address is 126 Birch street, Bangor, Me., and the book, which is cloth bound, sells for \$1.00.

—"I Succeed: You Can" is the title of a purple and gold, paper bound book of 100 pages, by Prof. M. F. Knox, the phrenology-mental science man who is starting a "Mental Science College" at Bryn Mawr, Wash., one of the suburbs of Seattle. In the book is an attractive picture of the "Temporary Mental Science College Building," with the graduates of 1906 ranged in front and on top of the rustic building, and many fir trees in the background. Price of book, 50 cents.

—"Rhythmotherapy," by Samuel S. Wallian, A. M., M. D., is "a discussion of the physiologic basis and therapeutic potency of mechanovital vibrations, to which is added a dictionary of diseases." Dr. Wallian is president of a whole string of medical leagues and things, and editor of some medical journals. And he is new-thoughty enough to read *Nautilus*. So he ought to know a thing or two. The book is cloth bound, 210 pages, price \$1.60 postpaid. Order of the doctor, 509 Fifth ave., New York.

—"The Diary of a Bride" is a dainty bit of femininity in pale blue and white, beautifully printed in two colors, cloth bound, price \$1.10 postpaid; Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., N. Y., publishers. A lovely Christmas or wedding gift for a bride, and one which might help her over some of the shoals of the first year of marriage. The book appears anonymously, but it was written by a member of our *Nautilus* circle, Charlotte Martindell, whose articles on "Child Development" appeared in our magazine about a year ago, or so. So I am extra pleased with this dainty volume.

—"Every Man a King, or Might in Mind Mastery," is a handsome new volume in red cloth and gold, 240 pages, issued by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. The book is written by Orison Swett Marden, (editor of *Success*) "with the assistance of Ernest Raymond Holmes," and the title of the very first chapter will make your mouth water for more — "Steering Thought Prevents Life Wrecks." "Killing Emotions" and "Mastering Our Moods" are two other chapter titles. This book is full of new thought so expressed as to impress all and offend none. Dr. Marden is doing a splendid work through *Success Magazine* and his books. By the way, the Christmas number of *Success* has just reached us, with the handsomest cover I've seen in many a day. I'd like to have a "den" with a dado of those covers.

"A unique institution has recently been established through the financial contribution of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. It is a university in which are no students, but a large faculty. The professors are not engaged in teaching, but in investigations, whose discoveries are published for the general information of the people. Their work is on all lines of science. It is based on the German idea of having experts explore the fields of discovery, and bring to light the occult principles and forces of nature, and to enable mankind to most effectively supply rational needs, to make the world more intelligent and to develop aspirations for a larger and more happy life. The field of experiment in which the agrarian population will be most interested is in developing new and better production from the soil. The most useful investigation is as to the methods which will make the earth produce the most in quantity and variety, and the best in quality. It is to promote utility over the theoretic and curious. An important part of the work is to study plant growth that will help to supply human needs, such as best fitted to the varieties of soil and climate. * * * The institution is making inquiries in economics and sociology. The scope of the institution's work is very comprehensive, and it is expected that through its agency many heretofore unknown principles of vegetable growth will be made familiar."

Most people are afraid to be good for fear of being bad.

—Purinton.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department.

Conducted by the Editor.

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 46.

Beloved Nautilus Folks:—I sometimes wonder if we quite know just what we mean ourselves when we speak of "Success"—that most illusive of heart hungerings. Isn't success, after all, in its most inclusive sense, the Realization of our Ideals of one description or another? And to me, an Ideal is an I-DEAL! That is, in that "dream realm" of mind, the I beholds an entrancing image (picture) of that which it deeply desires and then how it DEALS itself out in love to that thing. Within the past month one of my most longed for and dearly prized I-DEALS has come my way! Praise be and praise be. Amen. It manifests in the shape of a simple Bungalow in the woods of God. But oh! The I-DEALS it has taken to draw that vision one-wise into material form. How I have DEALT love and longing and hope AND EXPECTATION out to that mental image for months and months, and now I have reached Realization. And I know that a loving desire for and unshaken expectation of any Ideal (I-DEAL) whatever form that constant DEALING of the I (desire) may assume will bring ultimate realization. Isn't this success? And to what heights and breadths and limits may this I-DEAL-ISM not be developed.

Yours in loving fellowship.—Maud Pratt Chase, 339 Lincoln street, Marlboro, Mass.

Letter No. 47.

Would you be successful? Avoid gossip, cynicism and criticisms of all kind; speak of every one in their absence as you would in their presence; cultivate the habit of thinking of

all as if your thoughts were an open book to them at all times, and let your friendships bear the stamp of genuine sincerity. If others indulge in the many subtle dissimulations of the insincere satisfy yourself in the thought, "I have been true."

Have no secret confidences; to have something that you must tell your best friend betrays a weakness of character. And never under any circumstances betray anyone's confidence.

Be always in poise mental, moral and physical, the latter by being graceful at all times; have a graceful walk, a graceful carriage and a beautiful curve in all your movements. Mental and moral poise applies to exercise of every kind; to abuse your stomach at one meal with the thought of indulging just once is to be out of poise; to be hilarious at one moment and gloomy the next is to be out of poise; to be polite and courteous when out and discourteous at home is not in good poise; too much pleasure; too much excitement and excessive bodily strain in your work is all out of poise; avoid all extremes—perfect equanimity should be your motto—this will lend a calm dignity that will impress all with your ability to control yourself under all circumstances, and correspondingly control others, your stepping stone to success.

Build for yourself an atmosphere of peace and joy and never let it forsake you. Do not ask how? Absorb daily one inspiring sentence or beautiful verse and live in it the hundred and one idle moments of the day and soon you would be radiating a sweet influence of heaven-born joy which will affect for good all within your radius of influence. This will attract to you all who are already on the high road to success.—Fred A. Small.

Letter No. 48.

We are living on a merry-go-round and few people seem to realize it. Instead of having our ears attuned to the music which is constantly played about and through us, our minds are continually dwelling upon the negative side of life. There can be no greater success achieved than coming into a realization of the harmony all about us, as we whirl through space on this great and wonderful merry-go-round.—Mrs. Emma C. Burgess, Auburn, R. I.

Letter No. 49.

Every soul could have success. There are many causes why different persons do not make much of a success of their lives. The four principal reasons are:—

1. Poor health.
2. Not enough ambition and determination, and giving in too much to passing feelings and moods.
3. Lack of enough composure, wasting energy and not knowing how best to do.
4. Trying to do some work for which they are not fitted and not doing the work which would enable them to succeed.

If you are not making a success of your life *now*, find out immediately why not. Ask your friends to tell you candidly and see what suggestions you would get from them.

If you have poor health, do not over eat nor breathe stale air, take proper rest and exercise, and read books on scientific healing without and with medicines, too.

If feelings or passing moods control you, you lack enough ambition. Find some one or something to love with all your life, so that you would be happy even while practising self-denial some.

Learn about what the occult science can teach you, for the whole truth of heaven and of the universe is so vast that there is some truth in everything. Read *Nautilus* and all such helpful literature, and seek advice and information from those who are experienced and successful, and learn just all you can that might help you, and *then use your own good judgment to teach yourself*, and you will soon learn the secret.

Learn what it means to relax and to go into the silence and *pray* daily for new life, health, strength and happiness.

Are you governed by false pride or too much by the opinions and dictations of others? Are you true to your own best self? Are you your own boss in the real sense of the word? And *never* forget that where there's a will there's a way. Find the special way for you and don't give up nor be satisfied until you find it. Then you will be happy and make others happy as well.—Miss Lillian Brown, Perry, N. Y.

Letter No. 50.

I had a strong belief in luck and was surrounded with many unpleasant conditions in sympathy with my belief. When I became a truth student, I resolved to put the knowledge I had gained to a test. I said to myself, if all the good that comes to us, including money

supply, comes from the one source, and the things which we desire are for us even before we desire them, then the home that I have been working and waiting for so long has also been waiting for me; so I will acknowledge this at once and give thanks. I will also go to the Father as a little child and ask him to help me. I then left it all to him and laid aside all care and anxiety in regard to supply.

My friends were shocked at my seeming indifference and made all kinds of suggestions.

"Nonsense," said one, "you never will get it except by working, as we all do." I said, I find I have already worked and worried enough to buy several homes and when it comes I will not be indebted to anyone for it.

In a short time I was in possession of the means to buy a little home. Then the wise ones said again, "Oh, now you know it just happened so!"

But I think the New Thought friends will understand it the same as I do, as the working out of a law that cannot fail.—A New Thought Student.

Letter No. 51.

One thing that makes for success is to be on the spot. There is nothing like being where one can be seen. For instance, the two young hopefuls, aged respectively five and ten years, have their sleeping rooms next to ours, and very often in the morning there is much noise and confusion, and not very much dressing.

Papa will shout for them to be quiet until he is hoarse, without any results. (Oh they hear perfectly well for they always answer.) But the minute he puts on that determined look and opens the door everything is as quiet as a summer morn', and the operation of dressing proceeds without further disturbance.

Merely his presence without an uttered word did more than all the shouting. Sometimes it's a good plan to just show up on the scene of action even if you don't say a word.—Carrie Bonney Skewes, 602 Grant avenue, San Diego, Cal.

Letter No. 52.

The only way you can attain success is to begin all you do trusting in the Power of Success which carries all things along right. If you do as God directs you, everything will prove a success, for God has no failures in his finished works.—Sarah F. Thombs, China.

Number 45 won the prize for December Success Letters! Good! Will "Narcissus" please let us know where to send the two subscriptions?

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

"Why all this hullabaloo over the president's favor of simplified spelling. The whole gist of the so-called change of the spelling of the language is this: Of the three hundred words which the president has joined the board in recommending, more than one-half (counting simple forms only) are preferred by Webster's Dictionary, more than six-tenths by the Century, and two-thirds by the Standard, while practically all are allowed as alternate spellings by all three. Not far from half of the so-called 'reformed' spellings are old forms favored by Shakespeare, Milton, Spencer, Dryden and the translators of the Bible, but which went out of fashion during the eighteenth century."—*Holyoke Transcript*.

"Lagnappe is doomed. Antigraft sentiment, triumphantly marching, has reached the home of this quaint and curious custom, and New Orleans is to know it no more. The small grocers, butchers and venders of life's everyday necessities, who were the dispensers and local godlings of the cult, have decreed its end. By its unwritten law the old 'Mammy,' marketing for the household of her employment, got her commission, not, indeed on any crass and glaring system of percentage, but from hand to hand, a modest and friendly appreciation of the value of her patronage. Lagnappe is thirteenth of the baker's dozen, the delicate sweetener to the plain fare of daily trade—a handful of rice, maybe, or a pinch of tea, or, perhaps, a soupcçon of gumdrops for Aunt Chloe's sweet tooth. The word itself has a savor in the mouth. There is the suggested smack of the lips in it. It bears the charm of mystery, too, in its obscure origin. French enough it sounds, yet is not of that language. Probably it takes its rise from that strange French-English-Afric patois which the clans of the levee speak among themselves, and which no Frenchman or American fully masters. Now the local tradesman harshly translates the esoteric word 'graft.' It eats up his profits, says he. And so passes one more ancient and gentle custom into the limbo of outworn systems."—*Collier's*.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 19.—*The Living Church*, the official organ of the Episcopal Church in America, has with its issue today formally declared in favor of a war on Christian Science by the use of similar methods of healing as the anointing with oil. This, it is

believed, will prove an effective remedy in many cases for the loss of support which the Episcopal Church has sustained, in common with many other denominations, whose numbers have been decimated by the popular religion of Mrs. Eddy. *The Living Church* says that the ancient unction ceremony has never been formally discontinued or abolished, and that any rector is at liberty to take up the practice at once. The argument in behalf of Christian Science treatment in this new form by church authorization is in the well known desire of the sick for a combined religious and medical treatment. This, it is considered, is where Mrs. Eddy's treatment has its great strength. The ceremony of unction, therefore, is urged as a proper method of preventing the conversion of Episcopalists to the Science cult. *The Living Church* in the same issue has many letters from rectors in all parts of the country, which universally approve of the proposition first advanced at a meeting of the Los Angeles diocese, which escaped general attention, though it has become a subject of most marked attention by church authorities.—*Clipped*.

"Under the most pleasant conditions the new boat of the Boston Floating Hospital made its first trip on August 15, with eighty-five patients in the permanent wards and one hundred day patients on the upper deck. The boat, or rather the charity it represents, is in every way favorably known in the city of its home. For the benefit of readers in other places it may be explained that the Floating Hospital is a hospital boat for the care and treatment of sick children under six years of age, and the instruction of mothers in their care. It makes daily trips down the harbor during the months of July, August and September. It treats both permanent and day patients, was founded especially for those who could not afford to pay for its services, and is supported entirely by voluntary gifts.

"The suffering of babies in hot weather, in the poorer quarters of the city, suggested the need of such an institution, and the New York Floating Hospital—which, however, receives day patients only—supplied some precedents for its organization and management. During 1894 five experimental trips were made on a hired barge. In 1897 the barge *Clifford* was purchased and equipped to accommodate two hundred patients. Within four years it was outgrown, and the new boat, which cost about one hundred thousand dollars, nearly half of it contributed before the craft was completed, began to be a hope now happily realized. The boat has four decks, is one hundred and seventy-one feet long and forty-four feet beam, with a steel hull, and is as well provided against the perils of water and fire as a boat can be. It will take care of nearly half as many more patients as the old boat; and if the work was not handicapped, as so many worthy charities are, by lack of funds, the management would have nothing left for which to wish.—*Youth's Companion*.

SEE OUR CLUBBING OFFERS, PAGE 64.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

C. E. S.—You and your wife have certainly had your share! But she is right—let your high thought set new vibrations in motion. Stick to peace, health, happiness and success until they manifest. Break off thy Karma by right thought.

E. B.—Your experience was probably a glimpse into the psychic realm, due to your over wrought condition. I doubt there was any other meaning to it, and I would not try to cultivate such states. Many people get side tracked by such phenomena, and cease to develop their powers of intuition and oneness with the Spirit. *You are on the right track and success is yours.* Glad you like *Nautilus* so well.

C. C.—The most important emotion to the singer is LOVE. Not jealous passion, full of fears, but the sort of love that is great enough to pour itself out on just and unjust. A fine voice is produced through a finely tuned body, and love is the tuner. If you have everything else, and have not love your voice will be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Love with heart and soul, and you will do all any mortal can, outside of practice, high ideals and faith, to improve your voice.

M. E. C.—By all means "live it down." Go cheerfully on your way, hold no grudges, and do your work with good will. Above all things think highly of yourself and never mind what others think. Forget the scandal yourself and in due time others will excuse it if they don't forget it. A "scandal" hurts nobody but the one who thinks unkindly about it, or who frets about it. * * * not the heart against gossips, for verily they punish themselves. You are punished not by gossips, but by your own fretting against them. LIVE it down. Love it down. You can.

M. A. B.—Evidently your lack of satisfactory progress in the new thought is due to lack of practice. You read plenty, but you fail to work out what you learn. Special times every day for going into the silence, and for affirming the peace, health and love you desire to feel, are the sure cure. Practice is the only road to realization and happiness. If ye know a thing, happy are ye if ye do it. If your "chief desires" are now "out of line with your husband's interests," why do you "hesitate to push forward" on new thought lines? A little new thought may "come between" man and wife; but he or

she who drinks deeply of its wisdom will find that it brings husband and wife nearer, instead of separating them; even if one of them continues to "profess" the old thought. And anyway, if you are not willing to give up husbands along with houses, lands, mothers and brothers, etc., for the sake of being true to the spirit within you, you are not yet ready to pass on from your present hell.

J. H.—By all means "expose the treatment of the boy" and do all you can to bring about a reform of reform schools in your neighborhood. Bring such things into full publicity and methods will change for the better. By all means help "good to come out of it all." If all things work for good, then a good, vigorous "exposure" will work for good. Give them a good, full-of-faith one, if you can't accomplish anything by more amicable methods. But don't let the sight of evil spoil your faith in good. Set a good reform going and let it dissipate the evil as light scatters darkness. Don't try denying the evil itself. Deny its power to stand against the good which your exposure helps set in motion. It is not the evil you are to deny, but the power of evil. Remember Gideon and his 300, against the Philistine hosts. Don't you know two goods shall put 10,000 evils to flight? Sail in and reform that reform school! Start the reform motion anyway! Don't imagine that faith or affirmations alone will accomplish much. But faith and intelligent work can transform anything.

A. D.—The daily silence periods are the most important thing in the world for active, restless people who "cannot control themselves," but want to. Nothing takes the place of the practice of being still; nothing else can do so much for you in so short a time. Take a time for this daily practice and stick to it if the heavens fall. * * * You are on the right track with the boy I am sure, and you have the key to his control—self-control. And nothing will help you to self-control like daily silence periods. An English household like yours must be an ideal place for children to grow in, since it affords the necessary discipline in doing the right thing at the right time. With that and the happy confidence you have established between yourself and the child, along with your aim toward self-control, you can't get far astray in his bringing up. To grow up right children must have (1) love, (2) freedom and (3) discipline. And no one of these three is greater or more necessary than the others. Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid. Do your loving best and the good in the child will do the rest.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

THE FOOD VALUE OF SUGAR AND BUTTER.

There are two foods of great value for winter use which are usually treated as food adjuncts rather than recognized as occupying distinctive positions of their own. These are sugar and butter, two of the most striking representatives of the groups which supply fuel and energy to the body—carbohydrates and fat. The muscular system is greatly dependent upon the carbohydrates, which are given to the body in sugars and starches. They are just as necessary in their way as is the protein or nitrogen which builds up and repairs the tissues, and are chiefly furnished through vegetables and fruits.

Like starch, sugar may be used directly by the body for heat and energy or a temporary over-supply be converted into fat, transformed by various processes and stored till required. Sugar is of various types—the cane sugar (or sucrose) which includes that from cane, maple, beet, corn and certain palms. Then there are grape sugar (or dextrose), fruit sugar (levulose), and milk sugar. (Honey consists of about 37% each of dextrose and levulose, with a small percentage of cane sugar and water and some mineral matter.) These are not equally sweet, cane sugar being two and one-half times as sweet as grape sugar. But sugar, as sugar, is an exceedingly concentrated food, one very rapidly assimilated and in this one of its chief points of value lies. The digestion of starch is a slow and lengthy process in comparison, though otherwise they are not dissimilar as to food value.

Varying, necessarily, in form and quantity with conditions, the body requires sugar in some degree. Milk sugar is the "mildest form," a food given by nature to the young of all animals, for sugar, in right proportion, they must have.

The effect of sugar under some circumstances is virtually that of a stimulant, for it will prevent or relieve exhaustion under pressure of heavy work or fatigue. A member of my own family finds that a few cubes of cut sugar carried in his hunting coat makes quite as satisfactory and a more convenient luncheon than a more bulky one, on a long day's tramp. The "long sweetnin'" of early days (molasses in tea or coffee) is still used where sugar is

somewhat difficult to obtain, by woodsmen who require much heat and energy supplied their systems. The outdoor life of almost any adult and the activity of children render more sugar necessary than those of sedentary habit can readily digest. The amount must be regulated by conditions, but in some form it must be supplied at any season.

The average amount of sugar which may be eaten daily is about four and one-half ounces. It may be supplied through the very sweet fruits, as prunes (from which a German scientist has made sugar) figs, dates, etc., and is in such form particularly good for those inclined to corpulency, instead of in concentrated commercial "sugar." Food in general should be sweetened less lavishly. As a nation we are rather inclined to "nerves" and so are very sensible to eat more sugar than more slow moving peoples. But we should attempt to discourage an intense craving which in grown persons may, as in children, indicate a necessity of the system, but frequently means only a bad habit of overloading with fuel. And too much heat, even in winter, is as bad as too little.

Fat furnishes two and one-quarter times as much energy as sugar and starch, and butter is one of the simplest and most delicious forms in which winter heat may be taken into our systems. Fats, pure and simple, as in butter, cream, olive and peanut oils, etc., when uncooked, not only furnish fuel but help other foods to digest, literally lubricate the machinery. There is less complexity of process in their digestion as they are applied directly by nature to the use for which they are intended. The processes of cookery and those of digestion cause chemical changes. Cane sugar, by either of these, may be changed into other forms of sugar not so readily assimilated, and fat, heated, is not so easily digested. Consequently, either one by faulty preparation, quantity or decomposition, may irritate. Fried foods always have that tendency though an active life and vigorous digestion may cause it to be unnoticed.

Pies and cakes are not so quickly taken care of and made use of as simpler foods because the fat interferes with the proper action on the starch grains of the flour by the alkaline secretions of the mouth and it goes onward unprepared for further action upon it.

We need both sugar and fat for fuel and energy, but we must have them in proper quantity and in as simple a form as possible. Also, in winter, we should view with great respect